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GOING IT ALONE

OR, THE BOY WHO MADE HIS OWN LUCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Tom Brown.

"So old Ben Baxter is dead at last?" said Lawyer Thornton, looking at a stalwart lad who, at the front door, had just announced that fact.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, whose name was Tom Brown, sadly.

"Come in," said the lawyer; "you look cold. It is a miserable day."

The boy made no reply, but he followed the gentleman along the short hall and into his library, where a bright grate fire was burning, diffusing a genial warmth about the room.

"Sit down," said the lawyer, pointing to a chair. "When did the old man die?"

"About an hour ago. Almost the last words he uttered were that I must call on you as soon as he was dead and tell you. So I came as soon as I could."

"You did right," nodded the lawyer.

He said you would hand me a letter which I was to open and read, and follow the directions it contained. I would find it greatly to my advantage."

"I believe the letter refers to a legacy he intended you to have."

"I don't see what sort of legacy he could leave me," said Tom, in a puzzled tone. "If there is any money in it he should have used it himself, for he needed many things badly that I couldn't provide him with. However, if there is money in the letter I will use it to bury him, otherwise the village will have to do that."

"I have my doubts about there being any money in the letter. I judge that it contains instructions telling you what to do, or where to go, to get the legacy in question," said the lawyer.

There was a short silence, then the lawyer got up and went to his safe. He opened it, pulled out one of the drawers, and took therefrom an ordinary letter, with some writing scrawled upon it.

"There is the letter," he said, handing it to the boy. "I trust its contents will interest you. You have been a good friend to Ben Baxter since the day you came to the village and took up your home with him. I don't know what he would have done but for you. You saved him from the poorhouse, which he had a horror of. It is right that you should be repaid in some shape."

"I had better go now. As the president of the

village, Mr. Thornton, I suppose you will see that the old man is decently buried."

"I will attend to that. Sit down a minute while I write a note to Mr. Mold, the undertaker. You can deliver it on your way back."

The lawyer wrote the note, addressed it to the village undertaker, and handed it to the boy. Tom then took leave in the deepening dusk. No sooner was he clear of the porch than the wind swooped down on him and almost turned him around. With his head bent down, and his hands in his pockets, Tom proceeded to the residence of Andrew Mold, whose shop was in the yard at the back of his house. A small sign was attached to one of the piazza posts. This read: "Andrew Mold, Undertaker."

The sign was scarred and weather-beaten, like the house itself, and the word "Undertaker" was almost illegible; but this mattered little, for everybody in the village knew that Andrew Mold was the undertaker of the village and the sexton of the Methodist Church. He was an old white-headed man of sixty-five years, who had succeeded his father in the business.

The door of the shop was closed, but Tom saw a light and heard a hammering within, and that told him some one was there at work, probably Andrew Mold's nephew, Dick Mold, with whom Tom was on very friendly terms. The door was shut to keep out the wind. Tom tried the handle and found the door secured, so he knocked. The hammering stopped, footsteps sounded on the boards, and the door was opened. Dick Mold's cheerful countenance appeared.

"Hello, Tom. Glad to see you. Come in. You're as welcome as the flowers that will be around in a few weeks."

Tom walked in, accompanied by a gust of wind that sent the dust and shavings flying around. Dick quickly shut and bolted the door.

"I didn't expect to see you this afternoon," he said. "Is the old man improved?"

"He's dead," replied Tom, solemnly.

"Dead," cried Dick. "You don't say. When did it happen?"

"A couple of hours ago."

"That's too bad. You have my sympathy, Tom, for I know you thought a whole lot of the old sailor."

"Yes. I was the only friend he had, he often told me. That's why I stuck to him, though it was against my interest. He didn't want to go

to the poorhouse, and I didn't have the heart to see him go there, so we potted along somehow, like the pair of orphans we were, just keeping our heads above water and no more. Now that he is gone, it is a satisfaction to me to know that I did the best by him I could. I have lost a year and a half, I might say, but what's the difference? I'm young, and I guess I won't miss the time. What are you doing? Building a cheap coffin?"

"Yes. It's for old Dan Reilly, the pauper, who died last night. We are going to bury him in the morning in the poorhouse corner."

"I suppose old Ben will have to go there, too, for the village will have to bury him; but as soon as I earn money enough to provide him with a regular grave, I shall send it to Lawyer Thornton, with directions to have the transfer made."

"You're a good fellow, Tom, and you ought to have luck," said Dick. "I'll get up the best coffin my uncle will allow me to make for Baxter, and if I have to lay out a dollar or two I'll see that it has a soft lining. 'I'll do that for your sake, Tom, for we're friends, and I guess you'll appreciate it.'"

"Thank you, Dick. That's kind of you. Here is the order from Lawyer Thornton authorizing your uncle to bury the old man."

Dick took the envelope and laid it on the bench. Then he resumed work on the cheap coffin he was making. Tom stayed till Dick had practically completed the pauper's coffin, by which time it was half-past six, and then he started for the small cheap cottage where he had put in the last eighteen months as companion, as well as provided for, to the dead Benjamin Baxter.

CHAPTER II.—The One-eyed Sailor.

The cottage was on the outskirts of the village of Littleton, facing upon the country road, and fifty feet or so away from it. The nearest neighbor lived an eighth of a mile away. The wind was on Tom's back most of the way during his return trip, and it sort of assisted him along, once or twice almost lifting him off his feet. In due time he reached the old rickety gate which admitted him into the front yard, and taking his way around the dark dwelling, within which lay the corpse of Ben Baxter, stretched out in solemn stiffness upon his own bed, he let himself in by the kitchen door. Lighting the lamp he took from a shelf, Tom walked into the room where the dead man was and looked at him.

After satisfying himself that nothing had happened to the corpse while he was away, Tom shut the door and returned to the kitchen. He cleaned the ashes out of the small stove and started a fresh fire. Then he busied himself getting his meager supper, which was soon cooked, eaten, and the dishes washed and put away. Trimming the lamp wick, he took the letter out of his pocket and looked at the writing on the outside. He recognized the dead sailor's pot-hooks. It was addressed simply "To Tom Brown."

Tom pulled out his knife, and was about to slit

it open when there came a knock at the door. He unbolted the door and opened it. It was dark as pitch outside, but the light of the lamp on the table played on the door and revealed a stranger. He had a black patch over one eye, and his countenance resembled a seamed piece of mahogany. On his head was a flat sailor's hat, from which the water was running like a miniature Niagara Falls.

"Beg pardon, sonny," he said, in a fog-horn voice, "but I believe this here is where my old shipmate, Ben Baxter, lives."

"You are anxious to see Ben Baxter?" Tom said.

"Anxious, chuckled the sailor. "Say, sonny, anxious ain't no name for it. I'm that eager to see him that——"

"Follow me, and I will lead you to him," interrupted Tom, picking up the lamp.

The sailor, little suspecting what was in store for him, followed close behind the boy. They passed into the passage that led from the living-room to the little parlor which Ben and his young companion had never used. Midway Tom threw open a door and entered the death chamber—a small, poorly furnished room. Holding the lamp above his head, so the light fell full on the corpse, he said:

"There's Ben Baxter. Look at him."

Bill Bunker, such was the man's name, took a step forward and then stopped stock still.

"What's this?" he cried. "This here ain't Baxter. It's a corpse."

"It's all that's left of Ben Baxter now," said Tom.

"Dead! I've discovered his hidin'-place too late. Blame the luck!"

The visitor swore like a trooper.

"Hold on," cried Tom, indignantly. "That's no sort of talk to indulge in in the presence of death. We'd better return to the kitchen."

Old Ben Baxter had often told Tom that he expected to be visited some time by an old shipmate of his, and seemed to dread the visitation. Tom now suspected that this was the man.

Tom replied the towel and turned toward the door. The visitor's eyes roamed all over the room, and finally rested on an old sea chest which had been the property of the deceased.

"Sonny, if you don't mind, I'd like to take a squint into that there chest," he said. "Ben had one or two things belongin' to me, an' now he's dead I'd like to get 'em back."

"You can't look into that chest or anything else belonging to Baxter," said Tom. "You may be an old frined of his, but I've only your word for the fact. We will go back to the kitchen."

Tom held the light for the visitor to walk out, and somewhat against his will Bill Bunker made his exit from the room. In another minute they were back in the kitchen.

"Sonny," he said, "have you got sich a thing as a drink of rum about the house? I feel kind of gone-like after seein' my old shipmate stretched out stiff as a marline-spike. If you've got anythin' in the drinkin' line I'd be obleeged to you if you'd pass it out."

"There is part of a flask of whisky in the closet. If that will do——"

"Produce it," said the sailor.

Tom set the flask with a tumbler on the table.

The visitor tossed off a liberal potion, smacked his lips, and then looked at Tom.

"Sonny, what might your name be?" he asked.

"My name is Tom Brown."

"Who does this here house belong to?"

"A man in the village."

"Did Baxter, afore he died, leave you all he owned?"

"He didn't own anything to leave."

"He owned that sea chest in his room. He had that aboard the hooker we both sailed in. I know it well, and could recognize it anywhere even if his initials weren't burned into it in front."

"There is nothing of any great value in that chest. Only some clothes."

"Well, sonny, if you don't want that there chest and the clothes what's in it, I'm willin' to pay you a reasonable figger for 'em," said the sailor, eagerly.

"I won't disturb anything until after the old man has been buried," replied Tom, anxious to get rid of the visitor.

"When will he be planted?"

"Maybe late to-morrow afternoon, and maybe not till the next morning."

"I s'pose there won't be no objection to me 'tendin' the funeral of my old shipmate, eh?" said the sailor, his eyes wandering over the living-room.

"Any one can attend the funeral who wishes to," said the boy.

The sailor walked to the window and made a pretence of looking out. It was still blowing great guns and raining hard.

"You don't object to me stayin' a while till the weather clears up, sonny?" said the visitor.

Tom did object to his presence, but could hardly ask him to get out into the storm, so he said he might remain till the rain let up.

"Thank ye, sonny. I'd do as much for you if I had the chance," said the sailor with a shifty glint in his one eye, as he pulled up a chair to the table, pulled out a black pipe, filled and lighted it from the flame of the lamp. "How long did you say you've known Ben Baxter?"

"Eighteen months," answered Tom.

"How came ye to make his acquaintance?"

"I had come this way looking for work and stopped at this cottage to ask for a drink of water. Old Ben came to the door and asked me in. He got me the water and told me to rest myself for a while. Then he asked me who I was, where I came from, and why I was on the tramp. I told him. He said he guessed I might get something to do in the village. Then he told me he was living alone in the cottage, and invited me to stay all night. As I had no place to go, and little money, I accepted his offer. We had supper, and then he suggested that I stay with him for a few days, as he felt kind of lonesome and liked young company. I agreed, as it would give me a roof while I was looking around for work. I got a job at one of the stores for a while, and as I rather liked the old man I stayed on with him, as he had taken a fancy to me. So I've remained here since."

"Jest so," nodded the sailor. "I s'pose he told you he'd made it all right with you when he turned up his toes."

"In what way?" said Tom, looking at the visitor.

"Why, leave you a legacy."

"He had nothing to leave."

The sailor looked hard at the boy.

"That's funny," he said. "Didn't he tell you about a pot of money he had a clew to which is hidden some place in an old ruined tower some distance from here?"

"No. He never mentioned such a thing to me."

"Sure of that, are ye? He never showed ye a s'iled piece of paper with writin' on it which p'inted out the place where the money was hidden?"

"Never," said Tom, in a frank tone that carried conviction.

"Seems to me he'd done it if he had confidence in you."

"I had no reason to doubt his confidence in me. Why do you think he knew where there was a pot of money hidden?"

"I have my reasons, sonny."

"I think you're mistaken. If he knew where there was such a thing I am sure he would have managed some way to get it, for there were times when we needed money badly. If I hadn't stayed with him he'd have had to go to the poorhouse, and that would have broken his heart."

"I reckon he was afraid to go after it," said the sailor, blowing a cloud of smoke, and winking at Tom with his one good eye.

"Why should he be afraid?"

"That's my idea, sonny. Ben was a cautious old shellback. Then again, he might have been afeard of meetin' the ghost of the man that lost the money. Ben was superstitious, like most sailors."

"Are you?" asked Tom.

"Me superstitious? Not that ye could notice it, sonny," leered the visitor.

"It has stopped raining, and I think the wind has let up a bit," said Tom, hoping the man would take the hint.

"I catch your drift, sonny, and I'll allow it's time I was gettin' on," said the sailor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and putting it in his pocket.

With his elbow he awkwardly jostled his cap off the table. He got up and pulled his waterproof about his shoulders.

"Where did I put my cap?" he said, looking around.

"You knocked it on the floor just now."

"Would ye mind pickin' it up, sonny?" he said, shoving his hand into one of his pockets.

Tom bent down and reached for it. Quick as a wink the sailor drew a slung-shot from his pocket and struck the boy a stunning blow on the head. Tom pitched unconscious to the floor and lay quite still.

CHAPTER III.—Dick Comes on the Scene.

The sailor bent over him with a chuckle.

"He fell into the trap as easy as winkin'," he said. "He's safe for a while. I'll have time enough to go through Baxter's chest, and if the paper ain't hidden there I'll rip his clothes apart till I find it. He's got it hidden somewhere, and I'm goin' to get it. If he hadn't died I'd have

made him give it up himself, for he was deathly afraid of me. Let me see if the bolt is secure."

He glided to the door, tried it, and finding it fast, he returned to the table, took up the lamp and entered the passage. Bill Bunker walked into the room where the corpse lay, the presence of which didn't seem to bother him in the least, put the lamp down close to the sea chest, and took a sharp squint at the lock. Then he got up, took a lamp and looked around on the wall where the clothes of the deceased were hanging. He went through the pockets of the trousers and found a small bunch of keys.

"I reckon I kin whistle open that there lock with one of these," he said, in a tone of satisfaction.

The second key fitted, and in a moment he had the cover up. The contents of the chest consisted mostly of clothes. The sailor pulled each garment out separately and examined it carefully. If it was a vest, coat or trousers, he searched the pockets and then felt of the lining to see if a paper was sewed up in it. Nothing of the sort rewarded his search. Finally he came upon an oblong box, perhaps two feet long by eight inches wide and six deep. It was made of mahogany and had a brass lock. The sailor weighted it and found it wasn't heavy.

"I believe this here is Ben's strong-box and that the paper is in it. I'll take it away with me when I'm ready to go," he said.

He laid the box down and looked over the balance of the contents of the chest. It held many small relics of Ben's trips to foreign ports. They did not interest Bill Bunker. He tossed all of Ben's mementoes back into the chest, and followed them with the clothes. Returning to the kitchen, he laid the mahogany box on a chair and took a look at the senseless Tom.

"Maybe he gave the paper to the boy afore he died," he said. "There won't be no harm going through his clothes to make certain he ain't got it. Nothin' like doin' things up to the handle while ye are about it."

As he knelt beside the boy there came a loud rap on the door. Bill was taken by surprise and a bit startled. He crept around the table to the side furthest from the window, and waited. The knocking on the door was repeated. Then a face appeared at the window—the face of Dick Mold. He had delayed coming over until the rain ceased. He was surprised that Tom did not answer his knock. He thought his friends must have fallen asleep, for doubtless he had been up most of the night before attending to the dying man. Yet he thought he had pounded hard enough to awaken a sleeper in the kitchen. His eyes roamed about the room, and then suddenly rested on the motionless form of Tom stretched out on the floor. He uttered an ejaculation of surprise and alarm.

"What has happened to him?" he said.

He tried the lower sash. It was not fast and easily went up. As he started to scramble into the room, Bill Bunker thought it was time to make his escape. Forgetting the box in his hurry, he crawled over to the door of the passage, which stood ajar, and sneaked through it. Then he thought of the box and stopped. He wasn't going to leave the house without that. He had spent many months trying to get on the

track of the important paper which he really believed was in the box, and he wasn't going to let it slip away from him now that it appeared to be almost within his grasp. Dick alighted in the room and went over to Tom.

"Wake up, old man; what's the matter with you?" he said.

Tom showed no signs of animation. Just then his sharp ears heard a creaking. Looking toward the door Dick saw it slowly opening. Most any other boys, knowing there was a corpse in the house, would have felt his hair rise; but Dick was accustomed to dead people, and had no fear of them. Furthermore, he did not believe in ghosts. The door continued to open, then the face of Bill Bunker, with his sailor cap and shaded eye appeared, looking stealthily into the room. The intruder was a stranger to Dick, and he believed he had no business in the cottage. Dick sprang up.

"Hey, who are you and what are you doing here?" he said, aggressively.

Seeing he was detected, the sailor, after drawing back, came into the room, prepared to brazen the matter out.

"I'm an old shipmate of poor Ben Baxter," he said, with a leer, which was second nature with him. "I've been a-lookin' for him this two years, and now when I discovered where he lived I find he's just gone off his hooks."

"Is that so?" said Dick, taking no stock in his statement.

"That's so, sonny. Ben had a box belongin' to me which I made free to take possession of. There it is on that chair. You kin see my initials on it—B. B.—Bill Bunker. That proves it's mine."

"No, it doesn't. Ben Baxter's initials are B. B. I guess you won't take that box out of here till you prove property. It's my opinion you're a thief, and that your purpose was to steal that box."

Bill saw that Dick meant business. It behooved him to put up a fight to save himself.

"Keep your distance," cried Dick, seeing the sailor creeping upon him.

Bunker made a sudden dash upon him, swinging the slungshot. Dick caught a glancing blow and staggered against the wall. The sailor took advantage of his chance to grab the box, rush to the door and open it. But Dick was after him like a shot. He struck the sailor a heavy blow on the head with his fist. Bunker dropped the box to defend himself. Dick landed another whack on his chin, which sent him reeling back. Then came footsteps around the side of the house. Bunker heard them, and with an imprecation he unbolted the door, dashed out, took to his heels and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER IV.—The Disappearance of Old Ben's Letter.

Two men came around the corner of the house. They had been sent by Lawyer Thornton to stay with Tom that night, and give him a chance to rest. Dick knew both of them, as he did most every other resident of the village.

"You came a minute too late," he said, picking up the mahogany box.

"How so?" said one, whose name was Spriggins.

"I caught a sailor rascal in the house trying to steal this box. He must have taken Tom Brown by surprise, for I found him senseless on the floor of the kitchen."

"That so?" said Spriggins. "Where did the scoundrel go?"

"Off that way in the darkness. He heard you chaps coming and got a quick move on. Too bad you didn't get here two minutes sooner, and we could have captured him."

They entered the kitchen and found Tom seated in a chair looking kind of dazed. On being questioned he explained about the visit of the one-eyed sailor, how the fellow, apparently on the point of taking his departure, had asked him to pick up his cap, after pushing it off the table, seemingly by accident, and when he started to oblige him he had received a blow on the head, and remembered nothing more till he came to and saw Dick rush at the open door. Dick then told his brief story, and while the others were sure that the sailor was an ordinary thief, Tom had his own opinion on the subject. The boy was surprised to see the mahogany box because he knew that Ben kept it locked up in his sea chest. The inference was that the sailor, after knocking him out, had smashed the lock of the chest and got hold of the box.

When Tom went to see if this was true, he found the sea chest in perfect condition and locked. He was puzzled how the mahogany box had got out of it until he saw the keys on the floor, and then he understood. The sailor had got the keys out of the deceased's clothes. Tom put the keys in his pocket after returning the mahogany box to the chest. The coming of the two men relieved Dick of the necessity of sitting up with his friend, who was hardly in a condition to remain up anyway. Spriggins told him to go to bed, as they had been sent there to keep watch. So Dick said good-night and went away, and Tom turned into his own bed and was soon sound asleep. Spriggins aroused Tom about seven, and then he and his companion took their leave.

Tom cooked his breakfast and ate it, keeping a club handy in case the sailor ventured to try and take him unawares. Spriggins notified the head constable about the rascally sailor, and a couple of under constables were sent out to scour the neighborhood for him. They stopped at the cottage to get a full description of the one-eyed mariner from Tom, and he gave it to them. They learned that Bill Bunker had stopped at a farm-house and begged a meal the night before, representing himself as an ex-boatswain of the navy. They later traced him on the road to Dalmatia—a town a few miles from Littleton—but failed to overtake him. They continued on to the town and notified the police to be on the lookout for the rascal. After the constables had departed, Tom locked the back door and put his hand in his pocket for the letter, intending to read it. It wasn't in his pockets, though he was certain he had put it in the inside one, but there was no sign of it.

"My gracious!" he ejaculated, in some consternation, "I'm afraid that sailor searched me and got it while I was unconscious."

The thought gave him a shock.

"I'll bet it was the paper enclosed in the envelope that the sailor was after, and after searching the sea chest, and taking out the mahogany box, which he thought held it, he went through me on general principles and found it. Probably he thought there was something of value in the box, and he would have taken that, too, but for Dick. Gee, that's tough luck. From what the one-eyed rascal said, old Ben was supposed to have a clue to a hidden pot of money concealed in an old tower somewhere."

Tom felt pretty bad over the matter; but after all he was worrying to no purpose. The one-eyed sailor had not secured the letter. The lining of Tom's inside pocket was torn, and when the knock of the sailor came on the door the evening before he had hastily shoved the stiff envelope into the unsuspected hole, tearing it still more so that the envelope had dropped inside the lining and slipped toward the back of his jacket. There it was now, right on his person, and he did not know it. Early in the afternoon Undertaker Mold with his nephew drove up in his light wagon with the coffin which Dick had made for old Ben. It was a very superior coffin for a corpse that had to be buried at the expense of the village, but the fact was Lawyer Thornton had contributed \$10 extra to the coffin price, and Dick had added \$2 for lining. A cheap metal plate had been engraved by Andrew Mold and attached to the lid, and the wood had received two coats of rosewood stain, so that the coffin looked very respectable indeed.

After the body was placed in it, Tom took his last view of his old companion and friend, the lid was screwed down, and the three carried it out and placed it into the wagon, for the interment was to take place at once. Tom locked up the cottage and off they went to the village graveyard. As the minister lived near the church he came to the grave and read a short service over old Ben, then the earth was thrown in by Andrew Mold and Dick, and in a few minutes all was over. Dick went back with Tom and together they carried the sea chest to Tom's room, after which Dick took his departure. Tom returned to his room and went over the contents of the chest, taking out all the dead sailor's clothes and making a bundle of them. He took them to a second-hand store and sold them. Near the store was a locksmith's shop. He went in and told the man he had an old-fashioned mahogany box he wanted a key made for, as the original had been lost. He was told to bring the box around and a key would be made to fit it.

"I'll fetch it right away," said the boy.

Tom returned to his lodgings, got the box out of the chest, walked downstairs, and opened the front door. When Tom stepped outside, there stood the one-eyed sailor, waiting for him at the foot of the steps. This time he had two companions with him.

"Hand over that box," said the sailor, holding out his arms for it.

Tom was taken by surprise, but he was ready to defend his property just the same.

"Get out!" he said. "You've got a nerve to ask for this box. It doesn't belong to you."

"It belongs to me," insisted the one-eyed sailor. "Them's my initials on it—B. B."

"Not at all. Those are Ben Baxter's initials. This was his property, but it belongs to me now that he's dead," replied Tom. "You have great assurance showing yourself after the way you served me at the cottage night before last. If you don't make yourself scarce I'll have you arrested."

"Follow me, my bullies, we must have that box," cried Bill Bunker.

The one-eyed sailor ran up the steps, followed by his two pals. The door behind Tom was shut so he could not retreat. Dropping the box behind him, he lunged at the sailor, caught him a blow under the chin, and sent him back against his companions. The rascal's slung-shot fell on the top step. Tom picked it up and went for the bunch in hot style. The weapon landed on the one-eyed mariner's shoulder, and he uttered a howl. As Tom swung at the next sailor he dodged and took to his heels. The third sailor followed him. They left the one-eyed chap without support. As Tom looked too aggressive to suit him, he started on the run after his friends, the three disappearing around the corner. Then Tom picked up the box and went on his way to the locksmith's.

CHAPTER V.—A Tragic Mystery.

The locksmith easily opened the mahogany box, and Tom saw that it contained nothing of apparent value. There was an old newspaper, yellow with age, lying on top. While the locksmith was fitting a key to the lock, Tom amused himself looking it over. It was printed in a Massachusetts seaport town, and bore a date of some fifty years since. Among other news on the first page was the story of the loss of the British bark *Sunderland* along the coast during a fierce gale. The story stated that one boat containing four men reached the shore in safety. They were seen to land and haul the boat out of the surf. Two of the men lifted something out of the boat, and then the four started off through the bushes, presumably to find their way to the nearest village or town. The boat, which bore the name "*Sutherland*" on its stern, was later taken possession of by the eyewitness of the landing party as a legitimate piece of flotsam. Some hours afterward a party of men, on their way to the shore to see what they could pick up along the beach, stumbled over a dead man in the bushes. An examination of his clothes revealed papers proving him to have been the captain of the bark *Sunderland*. When the story of the eyewitness of the landing of the party of four from the boat circulated around, it seemed certain that the corpse had been one of the party. A hunt was made for the other three men, but without success, though they were tracked to the edge of a swampy lake, and thence along the line of reeds to a ruinous old watch-tower, a relic of Revolutionary times. There was evidence that the men had taken refuge in the tower for a spell, but when the constables went through the ruin they were not there.

The police of the next town were notified, and a detective learned that three half-clad sailors had been seen along the water front, and had

put up at a sailors' boarding-house. The proprietor of the house admitted that the three sailor men in question had stopped at his place the afternoon before. After taking several drinks and inquiring the way to a dealer in "slop," or second-hand clothes, they went away, saying they would be back to supper, and that they intended to remain there that night. They did not return. It struck Tom that there was some connection between Bill Bunker's statements and the old Revolutionary watch-tower referred to in the ancient newspaper. Instead of locking up the box in the sea chest and starting out to look the business part of the town over with the view of getting some work to do, as he had intended, Tom sat down, opened the box, took out the old newspaper and reread the story of the wreck and the movements of the supposed murderers of the captain of the ill-fated bark.

Tom was decidedly interested in the matter, and as there was another copy of the same paper bearing a date one month later, he looked it over carefully to see if there was anything in it bearing upon the same subject. He found a marked paragraph, and proceeded to read it. In substance it stated that three boys of the adjacent village while playing in the old watch-tower come upon the corpse of a seafaring man in a dark corner of the ruins. His head was stove in in a similar way to that of the captain of the bark *Sunderland*, and as the body was in good condition, it was clear that this murder had only recently happened. The victim's pockets were turned inside out, and this indicated that robbery was the object of the crime. One of the boys picked up an English sovereign a few feet from the body.

The lads hurried back to the village and reported their gruesome discovery. Two constables went to the watch-tower, found the dead man in the place described by the boys, and brought him to the village. Having a suspicion that he was one of the sailors who had killed the captain, the head constable notified the town authorities. The detective who had been on the other case came to the village with the proprietor of the shop where the three sailors bought their outfit, and they viewed the corpse. The shopkeeper identified the deceased as one of the three men who visited his place. The question that interested the detective was what had brought the dead man to the deserted old watch-tower? Was he accompanied or followed by his companions? If so, did they murder him, and for what reason? Apparently another mystery was added to that of the murder of the captain of the *Sunderland*. A third copy of the same paper with a marked paragraph was in the box.

It was dated six weeks later. The article stated that a farmer passing along the road that wound around the swamp near the old watch-tower late a night or two since saw a flash of light through one of the ivy-covered windows of the ruin, which was followed by the report of a pistol and a cry of despair. Another murder had seemingly been committed at the old tower. He whipped up his horse and drove to the village as fast as he could. Stopping at the constable's house, he reported the matter. The officer and two assistants, well armed, drove as close to the watch-tower as they could go, and, provided with lan-

terns, entered the ruins. A careful search revealed nobody in the place, but a small pool of blood was found in the second story of the tower, and there were plain signs that a body had been dragged down the moss-grown stone stairs, across the lower floor and down to the edge of the swamp, indicating that it had been thrown into the mud and water at that point.

An effort was made to find the body, but without success, as the night was very dark, and the constables were not provided with means suitable to poke for it. They returned next morning, however, and made a systematic search. A corpse, weighted with stones, was finally brought to the surface of the swamp and landed. The man had been shot almost through the heart. He bore a general resemblance to the corpse found by the boys six weeks before, in so far that the deceased appeared to be a sailor, like the other. The body was taken to the village and photographed. The picture was sent to the town authorities, and identified as another of the trio connected with the murder of the captain. It was quite clear now that the old watch-tower was playing a very prominent part in the whole mystery. Two detectives came from town and made an exhaustive search of the owner for a clew to this gruesome business. Some reason existed for the successive appearances of the sailor men at the tower, and that reason bore upon the cause of the violent death of two of them.

The paragraph ended with the statement that in the belief that the survivor would come back to the tower later, a nightly watch had been established with the view of catching him. A piece of paper was pinned upon the printed matter with the following words written on it in old Ben Baxter's handwriting: "The man never came back. He shipped from Boston in the clipper *Golden Hope* for Calcutta, India, where he died from a fever. He left a confession which has just come into my hands, and I alone possess the key to the death of the captain of the *Sunderland* and the mystery of the old watchtower. As soon as I get back to the States I intend to turn it to my own advantage. Then I'll settle down and go to sea no more."

That was all the box contained bearing on the sequel to the loss of the British bark, and Tom did not doubt that the pot of gold referred to by the one-eyed sailor was at the bottom of the whole thing.

CHAPTER VI.—Tom Goes to Work.

Tom replaced everything in the box, locked it up in the sea chest, and then left the house to take a stroll and eat his supper. Dalmatia was a manufacturing center and a busy place. Tom found plenty evidence of the latter fact. He had heard a great deal about the trade in Littleton village and yearned for the chance to come there, feeling sure he would get on. Now his wish was gratified. Dalmatia was a seaport town, too, and carried on a considerable coasting trade with Boston and other places. He wandered down to the wharves and found plenty going on there. Fore and afters, such as sloops and schooners, were plentiful, and there were several square

riggers, too. A sailor-looking chap followed the boy wherever he went. He was one of the pair who had accompanied the one-eyed sailor to Tom's lodgings that day. He was shadowing the lad under orders from Bill Bunker. Bill was satisfied that by this time Tom had a line on old Ben Baxter's secret, and he expected the boy would start to investigate the matter. Since he saw little hope now in securing the document he was after, he determined to keep a constant eye on Tom, hoping the lad would lead him to the goal of his hopes, which the reader will guess was the old watch-tower on the edge of the swamp.

He knew where the tower was, had been there, and searched it pretty thoroughly, but without finding even a clew to what he was after. He believed a pot full of English sovereigns was hidden somewhere about the place, and his mouth watered to get hold of the money. It would put him on Easy street for the rest of his life. As a chum of Ben Baxter on the last voyage the old man had sailed from Calcutta to New York, via the Cape of Good Hope, and learned something of the mystery of the old watch-tower, but not enough to be of any use to him. Had he not been a rascal at heart it is probable that he would have shared in what Ben called his luck. But his greed incited him to try and secure the whole of the hidden money, and Ben's discovery of his true sentiments, on their arrival in New York, led to a severance of their friendly relations. Knowing that Ben was somewhat deficient in pluck, Bill proceeded to terrorize the old man in an effort to bunco him out of the important paper which told where the money was hidden.

Ben took refuge in several places in his endeavor to throw the rascal off his track, but Bill always nosed him out. The old man, however, was sly enough to evade a personal interview with him, and finally reached Littleton. There Baxter was taken down with rheumatism so badly that he could hardly get around. He lived in constant dread of Bunker discovering his last retreat, for he knew he was helpless against the rascal. Fortunately, for eighteen months the one-eyed sailor failed to recover the scent, but this was plainly because he hung around the neighborhood of the old watch-tower, looking for Ben to come there. When he did not come he grew impatient and started out again to look the old man up. He enlisted the other two sailors in the search, sending them in other directions, but always keeping in touch with them. Finally he struck Littleton, with the result the reader knows. After inspecting the water front Tom returned to his lodgings after getting his supper at a restaurant, and the sailor went to make his report to Bunker. Had Tom not lost track of Baxter's letter, and had read it, he would have lost little time in starting for the locality where the old watch-tower was situated, for who could resist the temptation of trying to secure easy money? Believing that the one-eyed sailor had stolen the letter from him, he had given up hope of benefiting by the old man's presumed legacy, and was prepared to make his fortune, if he could, by his own energy and perseverance.

Like all boys without friends or backing, he

had to go it alone. He had not expected to meet the one-eyed sailor again, and was taken by surprise when the scoundrel bobbed up with his two companions and demanded the mahogany box. After that encounter Bill Bunker realized that the boy was of different caliber from Ben Baxter, and would give him a good fight. Tom couldn't see what the fellow wanted with the box if he had the letter. He could only surmise that Bunker supposed the box held something of value that would be of use to him. Having routed the rascals, he wondered if they would bother him again. If they did he believed he could make things lively for them. Tom's total resources amounted to \$16, ten of which he owed Lawyer Thornton, and it behooved him to get busy without loss of time. He was up early next morning and out of the house. He scanned the morning paper for a prospective job while eating a frugal breakfast of coffee and rolls.

The nearest approach to a trade the boy had was an insight into the printing business he had picked up in a country newspaper and job office, where he learned to set type on the paper, get up easy jobs and kick a job press. Half the desultory work he did in Littleton was to help out in the newspaper office, and there he learned to feed the one-horse cylinder and run the steam engine that supplied the power. He was a sort of jack-of-all-trades in the printing industry and master of none, but he was clever and likely to make good under certain conditions. Among the advertisements in the "Help Wanted Column" was one calling for a young man who was a practical printer to make himself generally useful in a shop down near the water front. One who could make ready on a job press and feed was preferred.

Tom thought the position would suit him, and he inquired his way to the locality, and found that the office was in an alley, off a short street, and that he had to ascend two flights of narrow, dark stairs to reach the office. When he got to the landing he found several applicants ahead of him, standing about a closed door. In the course of fifteen minutes the proprietor, a little bald-headed man of sixty odd years, appeared unlocked the door and invited everybody to walk in. The office was rather a gloomy one, as the windows opened on the narrow alley and the surrounding buildings prevented the sun from getting into the alley except at midday for a short time, when it was directly overhead. The gloom was intensified by dark woodwork and dirty walls. The floor, particularly near the wall windows where the mahogany-hued frames and cases stood, was black and uneven with numerous hillocks formed of dried tobacco juice, which the boss and his workman, for he never employed but one, contributed to.

In a dark corner under a gas-pipe stood a lonesome looking "Liberty" quarto medium press. This machine worked on a principle different from any other. Standing open, as it always did when not in action, the bed, which held the chase of type and the plate, whereon was taken the impression, were as wide apart as half the circumference of a circle. The chief merits of this was that a form of type could be locked up on the bed, if for any reason stone room was at a premium, or the form, after being secured

to the bed, could be unlocked and corrections made without the necessity of removing it to a stone. The platform, when at rest, being quite flat, it was easy to make a job ready on it. The chief drawback to the press was that when you started to take an impression, the type and the platen came together like the snapping of the jaws of a great alligator, and the impact made noise enough to shake the room.

Not far from the Liberty stood an old-time Ruggles card press. This was worked by hand by turning the handle of a heavy flywheel, while you dropped the card down a double-grooved feeding device. As soon as printed the card automatically dropped into a box below. It was capable of printing 3,000 cards an hour. There was a paper cutter in another corner, together with all the various adjuncts to a one-horse job printing establishment. There were four chaps besides Tom after the job, and they filed in on the heels of the boss. Every one of them looked around the place to see what the shop looked like. When the absence of steam power was noted, and the old-fashioned character of the presses taken in the four eager ones ahead of Tom suddenly lost interest in the job and made tracks back for the door, leaving our hero alone to face the owner. The old man, who wore horn spectacles, looked after the retreating bunch.

"I guess there must be a fire in the neighborhood," he said, dryly.

"Is that so?" said Tom, innocently.

"Are you a practical printer?" said the boss, seizing the boy up.

"Yes, sir. I can set type, make ready on a jobber, feed it, feed a cylinder, set advertisements, make up, lock up forms, cut paper, sweep the—"

"You appear to have all the qualifications necessary for this office," said the proprietor. "Have you any objection to run errands, too?"

"No, sir."

"How much wages do you want?"

Tom had no idea of what wages were paid in a town. He hadn't received a whole lot in the country, even after he had become a useful link in the office, but his expenses were light in proportion.

"I shall want to get enough to live on and a little over," he said.

"Do you live with your parents?"

"No; I'm going it alone."

"Hum! I'll give you \$6, and if you suit I'll raise you after a while."

Tom said he'd see if he could get along on that, and was forthwith engaged.

CHAPTER VII.—Tom Gets Out An Advertising Scheme.

"You can hang your hat and jacket on that nail yonder," said the boss, stuffing a chunk of navy tobacco in his mouth, which his jaws got busy on.

Tom did so, and rolled up his sleeves.

"Have you had any experience with a Liberty press?" said the proprietor, whose name, by the way, was Higgins.

"Yes, I worked on one in the country," replied Tom.

"They are rather out of date. This is the only one in Dalmatia, but it is capable of turning out good work. I bought it thirty years ago when I started in business here. That Ruggles press is also the only one of its kind in the town. Some persons have told me there isn't another in the State. It is a first rate card press, and I do a lot of that kind of work. You can start in setting up this card. Those two cabinets contain most of the job type. The lead rack is yonder. You will find a stick in that drawer."

The boss squirted a stream of tobacco juice under one of the stands, and went to a small stone to lock up a card job for the Ruggles machine. Tom started to set the card from re-print copy, and in thirty minutes he was taking a proof of it. Higgins had, in the meanwhile, made a card job ready on the Ruggles press, and he put Tom at working them off, showing him how to drop the cards so they wouldn't catch at the entrance to the slot feeder. There was a 5,000 run, and Tom had to turn the wheel with his left arm and feed the cards in with his right hand. He completed the work inside of two hours and a half, which was good time for a first attempt. The old man then put him at the Liberty press, which he had to operate by the treadle. It took three revolutions of the fly-wheel to produce one impression, and so Tom's leg went up and down 3,000 times in working off 1,000 circulars. By the time this job was finished the noon whistles were blowing. The boss told him he could go to dinner, but he must be back at half-past twelve. The working time in that shop was ten hours, from half-past seven till six.

Tom was hungry, so he put on his jacket and hurried to a small, cheap restaurant in the locality and got a beef stew and a slice of pie, which cost him fifteen cents. A couple of blocks away the one-eyed sailor and his two pals were seated on the stringer of one of the docks. One of Bunker's companion was on guard opposite Tom's lodgings when the boy left the house that morning. The chap followed him to the alley off which the printing office was situated, and after waiting in vain for him to come out of the building, he went upstairs looking for him. He failed to find any trace of him. As the boy couldn't leave the building except by the way he entered it, the sailor waited in the alley another spell, then he got tired of the job and went off to find the one-eyed rascal and report.

Bunker lost track of Tom that day, but next morning one of them was on watch outside the boy's lodgings, and following him to the alley, discovered that Tom had gone to work in the small printing office. When this was reported to the one-eyed sailor he was surprised, because he was looking for the boy to leave the town soon en route for the old watch-tower. It was finally figured out by the three that Tom was short of funds, Ben's ready cash having been used up to pay his funeral expenses, and that he had gone to work to earn enough to carry him to the village near which the tower stood. Bill Bunker did not believe that the boy would work any longer than it was necessary for him to accumulate the necessary cash, probably not over a couple of weeks, so to keep a line on him

one of the other of the sailors shadowed him regularly each morning to the alley.

Tom, unaware of this watch on his actions, filled out the four days of that week at the printing office, and on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock received four dollars for his services, which had been quite satisfactory to the old man. As his room and food cost him 75 cents a day, he found himself one dollar better off on Saturday night, but his Sunday expenses ate that up. On Sunday evening he figured out that \$6 a week wasn't enough to more than exist upon. It wouldn't pay for clothes and other things he needed. However, he worked steadily through the next week, and felt that a truck horse had nothing on him. On Saturday he told the boss that \$6 didn't pay him. Higgins offered to pay him another dollar. Tom said that wasn't enough. He thought, considering the amount of work he did, that he ought to get \$9. After some argument the proprietor, who wanted to keep him, raised his offer to \$8, agreeing to make it \$9 after a while. Tom thought he had better accept the \$8 and keep his eyes open for another job. So he entered on his third week with Higgins.

There was another printing office in one of the buildings of the street off which the alley ran, and Tom got acquainted with one of the employees at the restaurant during the noon half-hour. He was about Tom's age and was a job press feeder. His name was Bob Ridley. When he learned that Tom was working for Higgins, who was well known all over that neighborhood, he grinned.

"I don't see how you can stand for that shop," he said. "You have to kick that old Liberty, don't you?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"And turn the wheel on that antediluvian Ruggles card press?"

Tom nodded.

"Do you set type, too?"

"I do about everything," answered Tom.

"I see. You're an all-around worker. What does he pay you —\$12?"

"Eight dollars."

"Holy smoke! Do you work for that?"

"I had to take what I could get, as I can't afford to be without work."

"You can do better at our shop."

"Is there an opening?"

"I'll find out and let you know to-night if you'll meet me outside the door."

All the Dalmatia printing offices worked ten hours in those days, though the nine-hour law was in effect in large cities among union shops, and the eight-hour movement, now in force, was on foot. Tom met Bob at the close of work, and the latter told him to drop in at noon next day and see the foreman, who did not go out to lunch. This Tom did, and the foreman questioned him about his ability as a printer. He said he could use a first-class two-third, and if Tom thought he could fill the bill he could come there on Monday. As the regular printers got \$18, Tom would get \$12. All the presses in this establishment were run by steam power, but Tom would not be asked to feed any of them, as he would be hired as a compositor.

He told the foreman he'd run the chance of

making good, so it was arranged that he should start on the following week. That afternoon he notified Higgins that he was going to leave on Saturday. The boss didn't like to hear that, and offered him a raise of another dollar, but Tom told him he had already arranged to go to another job. All the old man could do was to advertise for another helper, and he had some difficulty in getting one. On Monday morning Tom went to work at his new place, and the one-eyed sailor, who had been growing impatient over the boy's delay in setting out for the old watch-tower, didn't know what to make of this new move of Tom's, which indicated his intention of remaining some time longer in the town.

He could do nothing but keep the lad under his eye in a general way. Several times he had thought of trying to get into the boy's room at his lodgings, but gave it up each time as being too risky. As Tom had been over a month in Dalmatia now, and he had not seen or heard of the one-eyed sailor since the day of his arrival, he came to the conclusion that the fellow had gone off to take advantage of the information contained in old Ben Baxter's letter. Every time he thought of the letter he regretted his loss, for he felt it must have been important or Baxter would not have placed it with Lawyer Thornton for safe keeping. Since it was his luck to lose it, there was no use worrying over it. Tom made good at his new job and was kept on. His work at first was to lock up forms for the small presses and set what is called "straight" matter for a weekly paper printed by the house. After a while he was called on to set advertisements for the paper and reprint jobs. Thus two months more passed away, and Tom saved \$50.

He wrote a letter to Lawyer Thornton and enclosed a postal order for the \$10 he owned that gentleman. The lawyer replied, congratulating him on his success in getting on. Several letters had in the meantime passed between Tom and Dick Mold. The latter kept him posted about all of importance that happened in Littleton village, while Tom informed his friends about his work in the printing office. The month of June was nearly over, and the printing business was getting dull. A reduction in the force of the office where Tom was employed took place and he was laid off indefinitely. He hustled around looking for another job, but there was no opening in that line. He found that the chance of getting work at his trade before September was small. Having saved a matter of \$75, he did not fear he would suffer if he had to remain idle for two months, but as idleness was not to his taste, he determined to look for some other work during the interval, even if he had to take half as much wages.

One morning on entering a barber shop to get his hair cut, he noticed a sheet of heavy paper, about 24 by 36 inches in size, stuck on the wall. It contained a classified list of retail merchants of Dalmatia, and was bordered all around with the cards of advertisers. The barber's advertisement was there, and Tom asked him what it cost to advertise in that thing.

"Two dollars," said the man, "with my name in black type under the heading of barbers."

While the man was cutting his hair, Tom ask-

ed him if he didn't think there was money to be made out of a small card with a few advertisements on it and in the center putting the fire-alarm signals of Dalmatia. The barber said the idea was a good one, as everybody would like to have a handy copy of the signals on hand to consult when the bell rang. He said the only list he knew of was that printed in the back of the telephone directory, and that wasn't as handy to refer to as a card tacked up in some convenient place. Tom thought the matter over and worked out a scheme which he decided to try. He called on old Printer Higgins up the alley, and asked him if he would let him set up and print a few copies of a dummy, 7 by 11, he had drawn out, for a small price, so he could go around and try and get advertisers at a dollar a space for the twenty spaces surrounding the firm-alarm signals. Higgins, who was not busy, told him to go ahead and he would charge him only a dollar for the privilege. Tom started in and got up the dummy, with the words "Fire Alarm Signals" in large, heavy type. In the center he placed the list of signals, set in eight-point type.

That left ten small spaces, divided by rules, on either side for the advertisements he hoped to get. Then he started out to get the advertisements at a dollar each. Being enthusiastic over the scheme, which he regarded as a benefit to every person in town, he succeeded in talking twenty merchants into agreeing to part with a dollar to have their cards put in. The merchants understood that the cards were to be circulated all over Dalmatia. To do that would have cost Tom ten times as much as he collected for the advertisements. He didn't intend to do it. He set up the advertisements, printed fifty copies, paid Higgins another dollar for the use of his type and press, circulated thirty copies among the saloons in the vicinity of his advertisers, then left one card with each of his patrons and got a dollar from him. The whole scheme cost him \$2.50 and his time, leaving him \$17.50 profit for five days' work. Leaving the form standing, Tom took another dummy, went out in another locality and secured twenty more advertisers on the same scheme.

He distributed the first twenty advertisements, set up new ones in their places, printed fifty more copies and distributed them as before, collecting his \$20. On this second edition he made \$18.50, and it only took him three days. He filled in the whole of July and August on the firm-alarm-signals idea and cleared a total of \$150. His general expenses during that time were about \$50, so that when the first of September came around he was worth the \$150 he had cleared on his scheme. He had done better than if he had worked at the printing business during the two months in question. This encouraged him to think up some new idea in the advertising line, so he put his wits to work.

CHAPTER VIII.—Tom Goes Traveling.

Tom's next idea was to get up a railroad and steamboat time-table, with one business card on the front, and the words "Compliments of" above

it. He set up the first one as a sample and then made a straight canvass of the water-front business houses. He agreed to furnish 1,000 for a certain price. Fifteen orders rewarded him the first day. He gave the printing to old Higgins, who turned them out cheap for him on his Ruggles press. While the old man was doing the work on the fifteen, Tom was soliciting orders for more. He cleared about \$50 on his first week's work. He exhausted the available customers in five weeks after clearing \$200. Deducting his living expenses and the cost of a new suit, he now had \$300 in cash. During October Tom devoted his time to soliciting orders for printing, most of which he turned in to Higgins. He made about \$20 a week in commissions. The one-eyed sailor had given up keeping tab on the boy. When he found that Tom showed no disposition to start for the old watch-tower after the pot of gold, it dawned upon his mind that the boy had not got hold of old Ben Baxter's secret, after all. It was not reasonable to suppose that if he really had the clew to the concealed treasure that he would delay so long in going after it. That wasn't human nature.

So the rascally mariner lost hope of ever getting his hands on the money he had spent so much time and effort to reach. There was a large town named Washburn fifteen miles to the east of Dalmatia, and Tom decided to go on there and see what he could do. He packed his duds in the sea-chest and took the train one morning. He tried several small advertising schemes at Washburn the two months he stayed there, and had fair success with them. Then he started for Stirling, twenty miles to the northeast of Washburn, with \$400 in his pocket.

"I'm getting ahead, little by little, going it alone," he told himself. "I wish I could get enough money together to start into some regular business. These advertising schemes are all right in their way, but they don't last. I've got to move from place to place to keep them going, and it costs me more to get them out than when I had old Higgins to fall back on in Dalmatia."

Tom spent January in Stirling and left it \$50 richer. He went on to a place called Plainfield. Without being aware of the fact, he was gradually working in the direction of the locality where the old watch-tower still stood on the margin of the swamp. With his head full of money-making business every day he hardly thought about the ancient tower. When he did it was with the conviction that he had lost his chance of making anything out of it. The letter he received from Lawyer Thornton still lay hidden in the lining of the jacket that he had ceased to wear. The jacket lay in the sea-chest with other articles of his personal property. He came near throwing it away when he left Dalmatia. He did not believe he would ever wear it again. Something induced him to retain it and stow it away in the chest. Ultimately he realized how lucky he was in retaining the garment.

Plainfield had the fire-alarm-signals systems on the same principle as Dalmatia, and Tom worked it to his advantage in the same way. After working the town pretty thoroughly, he continued on eastward with an even \$500 in his

pocket. Once he would have regarded that sum as a fortune, but now it cut very little ice with him. He looked on it as merely a stepping-stone to \$1,000. When he had achieved that sum he believed he would be able to get into some real, steady business, which was a dream he hoped to realize before he was much older. On the first day of March Tom landed with his sea-chest in Eastlake. It was a smaller place than he had been led to expect, and it did not seem to offer much inducement in the advertising scheme line. It boasted two weekly newspapers, of opposite politics, but one of them was on the ragged edge, owing to the death of the editor and owner some months since.

The deceased's nephew had undertaken to run it for the widow, but made a mess of it, for he was not suited to the business. Furthermore, he was not a popular young man, owing to his supercilious manners, and he antagonized public sentiment. He persisted in running the paper to suit his own views, which did not please the majority of the subscribers, and they dropped away, and took in the rival journal, though its political leaning differed from their own. The advertising patronage also fell away, and the paper ceased to pay the cost of getting it out.

The only thing that kept the office from going under the hammer was the printing sent there by the Eastlake Novelty Manufacturing Company, which was the most important establishment in the town. At the time Tom arrived in Eastlake the young man, whose name was Philip Beck, had grown weary of both the paper and the town. He longed to migrate to Boston, where he believed his abilities would find a wider scope, and he kept telling his aunt, the widow and owner of the paper office, that she had better sell out and leave Eastlake before things went to pot with her. As she was a woman with no business ability, and had the utmost confidence in her inefficient nephew, she finally agreed to do as he suggested. So young Beck inserted at the head of the editorial page of that week's issue a notice to the effect that the paper was for sale at a fair price for cash.

The proprietor of the second-rate hotel at which Tom put up was a subscriber to both the town's newspapers, and while waiting for dinner he picked up the paper in question, which bore the title of the *Eastlake News*, and in looking it over saw the notice that it was for sale. The paper did not present a very smart appearance, and was short of real live news as well as advertisements. It was chiefly filled with plate matter, made up of national and foreign intelligence, miscellaneous information, a department of two columns devoted to the farming interest, a home department for children, etc. All this was material set up in Boston, stereotyped in column lengths, on a patented plan, and sold to country newspapers either for cash or advertising space. About half the advertisements printed in the *News* came through the Boston firm, which did business under the name of the "News-paper Syndicate," and were paid for in plate matter.

When Tom picked up the other paper, called the *Eastlake Standard*, the difference between the two was very noticeable. It was full of local advertising, carried all the public notices, was

well filled with town news of every kind, and looked decidedly prosperous. It was the democratic organ, as the News was the Republican. The town usually went Republican by a small majority, but on account of the poor support given the party by the News the preceding fall, the Democrats had, with the aid of the Standard, made a clean sweep of their ticket, and were now in full control of all the town offices. As it had been several years since the Democrats had won such a signal victory, the leaders of the local organization got the swelled head, and believed that they owned the place.

They proceeded to make the most of the situation. The local officers voted themselves increased salaries, and certain favored contractors, who had made little during the Republican regime, were handed fat contracts in the way of street pavings, new public buildings, and so on, all of which extravagance was running the town deeply into debt, and squeezing the purses of the residents in certain localities. Tom learned all these facts subsequently, for an event happened which caused him to come to anchor in Eastlake.

After dinner Tom walked around to size the place up with the view of determining whether it would pay him to put in any time there. The place had the usual fire-alarm signal system in vogue in the towns and some of the small cities of the State. He decided to work that scheme at any rate, even if he did nothing else there. He could use one of his old dummies to get advertisements with. The first thing was to get an estimate for the work from a printer. On inquiring for a print-shop, he was told that all the job printing was done by the two newspaper offices, and he could take his choice of them. Tom guessed that the office which was for sale would be the best place for him to patronize. Both establishments were on Main street. The Standard was on the second floor of a comparatively new brick building. A new gilt sign ran across above the three windows, that overlooked the street, and a large metal sign at the entrance downstairs pointed the way upward.

At the other end of the street, in an old one-story brick building, was the quarters of the News. It was the original newspaper in Eastlake, started when that place was a village, and a great many years older than the Standard, which was a comparatively modern institution, consequently its high, black letters on a white ground were weather-stained and faded, and were attached to the brickwork above the door. Of the three grimy windows facing the street, one, the cleanest, lighted the combined editorial and business office. The other two belonged to the printing department, and were equipped with frames holding type-cases, at which two country-looking girls sat on stools from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon and set or distributed the type which was used on the paper.

Lately they had not been working every day, as Beck did not see any need of paying to have type set when plate matter was cheaper, and saved him the trouble of reading proof, at which he was not very expert, chiefly because he was careless. In fact, his carelessness and laziness had as much to do with the downfall of the News as anything else. Tom found his way to the News office and noted the wide difference between

its external look and that of the Standard. The latter looked spick and span, the former gone to seed. He did not wonder that the News was for sale. It seemed to be on its last legs. Walking into the office, where a counter of antique appearance divided the oblong room in two parts, he found two young fellows inside smoking cigarettes and talking about a party they had attended the night before. The taller and better dressed one was Philip Beck, and he sat at the editorial desk with one leg thrown negligently upon the corner of it. As it was the day after publication, he was taking it easy, though, for that matter, he always took things easy.

Inside the printing office, which occupied the greater part of the building, the two girls were distributing the dead type from the forms, of which there was not a whole lot. The foreman, a bright looking boy of eighteen, was busy setting a job for the novelty factory which had come in that morning. A tow-headed boy of sixteen was kicking off a job on a Gordon eighth medium. There were steam fixtures, and belting connecting with a shaft and countershaft, but the engine at the far corner of the room wasn't going. It was seldom run now, except when the paper was run off on the cylinder, or the pony cylinder was called into requisition by some large job. Tom did not see what was going on in the printing room, but he heard the sounds made by the jobber, and knew something was doing in there. The two young men looked at the visitor. It struck them both that he was a stranger in town.

"What do you want?" asked Beck, in his haughty way, blowing a cloud of smoke.

"I want to get an estimate on some printing," said Tom.

"Just call Hudson, will you?" said Beck to him companion.

The other young man got up, went to a door, opened it and called the foreman. Hudson, whose other name was Joe, responded.

"See what that chap wants," said Beck.

Hudson came forward and greeted Tom pleasantly. Tom showed him one of his fire-alarm-signals cards he had got out at Plainfield, and asked him how cheaply he could print one hundred similar cards. The foreman figured it out and gave him a price.

"How soon can you get it out when I bring you the advertisements?" asked Tom.

"One day."

"All right. I won't leave the order till I get the advertisements, for I don't know how the scheme will take here. It's gone all right in other towns, and I guess it will here. This is Saturday. I will start on Monday after the advertisements. What time do you close on week-days?"

"Around five, but I often stay till six."

"I'll come in Monday at five with the advertisements I have and give you the order."

"Very well. I'll look for you. You haven't been in town long, I guess?"

"No; got here this morning. I'm stopping at the Eastlake House. I suppose there's nothing particular to interest a stranger around this neighborhood on Sunday?"

"The seashore is six miles from here by the

road which runs within a quarter of a mile of it and then turns to Oldport."

"Oldport?" said Tom, the name having a familiar ring to him.

"Yes. It's quite a city and has a nice harbor. Half way between here and Oldport, about eight miles, is an old curiosity worth seeing. Lots of people visit it during the summer. It's an old ivy-covered watch-tower built during the early days of the Revolution."

"You don't say!" cried Tom, opening his eyes in surprise. "Is it on the edge of a swamp?"

"Yes."

"I should like to go there."

"You can hire a rig and go there to-morrow. All you have to do is to follow the road running to the village of Springdale. The tower is a mile this side of the village, and in plain sight from the road."

"Thank you. I think I'll run over there to-morrow, if the day is pleasant, and look it over. I am rather interested in it."

"It's a good way for you to pass the afternoon."

Tom then took his leave and returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER IX.—Tom Saves A Young Lady.

"So I've hit the neighborhood where the old watch-tower is?" said Tom to himself on his way back. "I had no idea I would encounter it during my business travels. I suppose the one-eyed rascal has been there and found the treasure, if such a thing really was hidden in the tower. It is funny luck should run with a scoundrel like him and against me, for whom the money was intended. Well, such is life! It isn't the deserving persons who get all the plums. I've had to make my own luck ever since I can remember, and, since the old man died and I've been going it alone, I haven't fared so badly. I'm worth \$500 now, made by grit and perseverance, and I hope to make it \$1,000 before long. I'm not afraid but I'll make my way to the top in the course of time. It is pleasant, of course, to come in for a legacy, but, after all, a chap takes more satisfaction out of money he makes himself. What comes easy often goes easy; but when you have accumulated a task by hard work you have a better idea of its value, and hang on to it with a firmer grip."

When Tom got up next morning the weather looked kind of shaky, and did not favor his contemplated trip to the old watch-tower. Toward noon, however, the sky cleared and the sun came out, promising a fine afternoon. He went in to dinner at half-past twelve. An hour later he was at a livery stable arranging for a saddle-horse. Receiving directions how to reach the road to Springdale, he started off on his seven-mile ride. He was told to keep to the left when he came to the several roads that branched off, for two of them looked like the continuation of Springdale road, which turned off itself to the left at those points. It took him about an hour to cover the distance, and he was on the last lap, and almost in sight of the old watch-tower, when his saddle-girth worked loose and he had to stop to tighten it. While he was fixing it he heard the approach of a horse on the gallop

ahead. The road curved at that point, and the rider was out of his sight.

He was in the act of mounting when the gallop of the other horse suddenly ceased, as if the animal had slowed down. As he swung himself into the saddle he heard a girl's scream around the curve.

"Something is up," he thought; "I must see what it is."

As he urged his animal ahead a second scream reached his ears. He swung around the curves at a rapid pace and opened up the road ahead. He saw a girl on a black-mare struggling in the grasp of a man that looked like a sailor. He was trying to pull her out of the saddle, and was in a fair way of doing it. In another moment he and the lad were hot at it. The one-eyed sailor, recovering his feet, drew a slung-shot and crept toward Tom, watching for a chance to get in a knockout blow, which he would have succeeded in doing but for the girl, who, seeing the peril of her young champion, reversed her riding whip, and darting at Bunker, struck him with all her might across the back of his head. He pitched face foremost into the road and lay there senseless.

The girl then swung her whip-lash at the other fellow, cutting him across the face. At the same time Tom landed a heavy blow on his ear. That was enough for the rascal. He backed off and then took to his heels, disappearing in the direction of the swamp and the old watch-tower. Tom turned to the girl, who was pretty and well dressed, and whose age was apparently sixteen, and lifting his hat, said:

"Thanks for helping me out, miss. Between us both we put the fellow to rout."

"My thanks are due you. I am greatly obliged to you for coming to my aid and saving me from those men, who meant to rob me of my purse."

"Don't mention it, miss. I am glad I was of service to you. I see you laid out the one-eyed man. You appear to have no lack of spunk. Allow me to compliment you on your courage."

The young lady smiled.

"I had to do it to save you. He was going to strike you from behind with that weapon he has in his hand," she said, pointing.

Tom saw what the weapon was and took it out of the man's fingers.

"I know this scoundrel," he said. "I met him some time ago in Littleton, and later in Dalmatia. He tried to rob me of a mahogany box, the contents of which he believed were valuable. His name is Bill Bunker. He ought to be taken in hand by the police for attacking you, but there's little chance of that out here on the road."

While they were talking, Bunker recovered his senses. Getting on his feet he hurled an imprecation at the boy, and then backed off into the bushes and disappeared.

"He's gone," said Tom. "We couldn't do anything with him, anyway."

"No," replied the girl. "I hope you will understand that I am very grateful to you for your timely interference. Will you tell me your name? Mine is Nellie Grant, and I live in Eastlake, about seven miles from here."

"My name is Tom Brown, and I am stopping in Eastlake on business. Having nothing to do this afternoon I rode out here to see the old

watch-tower, which I understand is worth a visit on account of its age and historical associations."

"It is. You will find it about a quarter of a mile down the road to the right. It stands on the borders of a swamp in a lonesome spot."

"Perhaps I had better see you on your way home for a mile or so, lest those men might be planning to waylay you again."

"As it is possible they might attack me again, I will, if you care for my company, go with you to the old tower, and then ride back with you."

"I should be delighted to have your company, Miss Grant, but I don't think it advisable for us to go near the tower at the present time. Those men might have retreated in that direction for all we know," said Tom, who had his reason for believing they had done so. "We can ride down the road to the point that will give me a view of the tower, and I will be satisfied with that for to-day. As I intend to visit Oldport after leaving Eastlake, and I will have to take this road to get there, I will then have a chance to visit the tower and look it over."

Tom helped the girl into her saddle, mounted his own animal, and they started off down the road at an easy pace. They soon reached a point where the upper part of the old watch-tower could be seen through the trees. At that season of the year the ivy which clothed it in the summer time was dead, so far as the leaves were concerned, and the stones could be seen in all their gray coldness, though covered with the thin, threadlike stems of the vine, which could not be made out at that distance. Tom would have liked to have ridden up to the ruins, for a path led through the rank bushes and unclothed trees, but did not deem it advisable on account of the suspected presence there of the one-eyed sailor and his companion.

The swamp, which stretched away and around the neighborhood, could not be seen from where their horses, stood, nor, indeed, could it be seen from any point of the road—not until one got close to it. After remaining a quarter of an hour, Tom said he was ready to ride back to Eastlake, and they turned their horses up the road and went off at a smart gallop. During the long ride the young people got very well acquainted. Tom told the girl considerable about himself, and how he was going it alone in the world, and expected to reach the top some day. She, on her part, told him that her father was the president and chief stockholder of the Eastlake Novelty Mfg. Co., and that she lived with her parents in one of the best houses in the residential section of the town. She said that her father and mother would want to meet him and thank him for the service he had rendered, and she said she hoped he would not leave Eastlake without calling on her.

When they entered the town she suggested that he accompany her to her home then and meet her parents. After some hesitation the boy agreed, and they soon reached a handsome residence surrounded by well-kept grounds. Tom dismounted and opened the gate, and they walked their horses up to the broad piazza. He assisted the girl off her mare, and Miss Nellie rang the bell. A servant admitted them, and the girl told the young woman to send the gardener and general factotum around for the animals. Mr.

and Mrs. Grant were in the private sitting-room upstairs, and were somewhat surprised when they saw their daughter with a young stranger. Nellie introduced Tom and explained where and under what circumstances she had made his acquaintance.

Mr. Grant and his wife were much concerned over the girl's adventure, and both expressed their gratitude to Tom for saving their daughter from the ruffians. After remaining an hour, during which he made a very favorable impression on Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Tom said he guessed it was time to return to his hotel. The Grants would not hear of him going before tea, and so Tom remained. He told Mr. Grant all about his advertising schemes, and that gentleman was surprised that he did so well out of them.

"Oh, I don't find it hard to talk people into advertising with me," he said, laughingly. "I didn't know how well I could do it till I tried."

"Have you ever solicited advertisements for a newspaper?"

"Only once. I put in the last week at Plainfield getting advertisements for the daily there, and I did very well. The owner wanted me to stay on, but I had an idea I could do better with my own schemes."

"You are a printer, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you could form a fair idea of the value of a printing plant by looking it over?"

"Yes, sir."

"The reason I ask is that I have an idea of buying out the News of this town, which is for sale, and building it up to what it originally was. Since the death of the owner, about a year ago, it has been in the hands of the widow's nephew. He has absolutely no idea of the newspaper business, nor does he appear capable of running any kind of business. My idea in taking over the paper is not because I personally care to acquire the business, as my energies are fully employed with the affairs of the novelty company, but to rehabilitate the paper in the interests of the Republican party of this town. I am president of the Republican Club, and since the paper has gone to the dogs, in spite of our efforts to induce the late owner's widow to replace her nephew by a capable man, the party has suffered a defeat at the polls, and the Democrats have made a clean sweep of all the offices, which give them complete control of the patronage, with the bulwark of a political organization. It is absolutely necessary to have a live and well conducted newspaper in a town of this size to offset the advantage the opposition has in the Standard, a paper run in their interests. I think the News, under the circumstances, can be bought cheap, and I intend to make a bid on it. If you think you could make a fair appraisal of the value of the plant, I will pay you to do it. The good-will of the paper hardly amounts to anything now."

"I am willing to do that for you, Mr. Grant," said Tom.

"Would you remain in town and help me build up the advertising patronage? I will get a young newspaper man from Boston to take charge of the editorial management."

"I will think the matter over and let you know in a few days."

"Very well. I will be glad to see you at my office in the factory any day. I am there between half-past nine and one, and between two and five."

Tom remained till about nine, and then returned to his hotel.

CHAPTER X.—Tom Tries to Buy the Eastlake News.

Next morning Tom started out on his fire-alarm-signals scheme, and filled his card up by four o'clock. Then he called around to the News office with his copy. Beck had gone home, and he handed in the job to Hudson, the foreman. Joe invited him into the printing office and showed him over the place.

"I see the plant is advertised for sale," said Tom.

"Yes. Between you and I this young Beck, who has been running the place for his aunt since his uncle died, has put the paper on the fritz. The paper is only a ghost of what it was a year ago. We had the bulge on the Standard, the Democratic sheet, and the old man was making good money out of it. We had all the town printing, and as many local advertisements as we could find room for. I have known the old man to turn down several advertisements because they would have crowded out news that he felt ought to go in. We used very little plate matter, except such live stuff as we had to go in, such as the general news of the country and the regular departments, which are prepared better by the syndicate editors, and saves the cost of composition and distribution, and can be paid for in advertising, in whole or in part. If I had \$1,000 I'd buy this paper and build it up, with the help of a good partner."

"A thousand dollars! It couldn't be bought for that, could it?"

"No. The plant cost easily \$5,000, and is worth about half. That large cylinder is worth \$1,200, though you could duplicate it second-hand in Boston, if you went to the right place, for perhaps \$800. It cost the old man \$2,400. The pony cylinder cost him \$500. It is as good as the day it was bought, but if sold at auction would go maybe at \$100, or even less. Those two Gordon jobbers are old and are worth, in my opinion \$300, but they wouldn't fetch that as a sale. The engine is worth \$200. The type and printing material originally cost about \$2,000, and might be worth half of that. It wouldn't fetch more than a quarter if it went under the hammer."

"What does Mrs. Beck ask for the outfit, including the paper and good-will?"

"Beck says \$3,000, but I told him if she got \$2,000 she would be doing well. I don't believe she will find a purchaser in this town. She will have to advertise in Boston."

"She wants cash, I suppose?"

"Yes, for she is going to leave Eastlake for good."

"I guess I can find her a purchaser."

"Come in to-morrow and tell Beck."

"Is he authorized to do business?"

"In a general way, yes."

"I'll have to communicate with the party first, telling him what I think the plant is worth, and if he's willing to talk business I'll see Beck."

Tom then told Hudson to get his job in type as soon as he could, and the foreman said he would. When Tom returned to the hotel he sat down and thought over what price he would suggest to Mr. Grant.

"If I was after it I'd offer \$1,800, and I might give \$2,000," he said to himself. "If I had about \$3,000 I'd be glad to take it over myself and run it to suit Mr. Grant and the Republican Party. I'll bet I could do it. I could get the old advertisers back. Mr. Grant really doesn't want the paper. Maybe he would be willing to let me buy it of him. I am satisfied I could pay for it within a reasonable time. I have \$500, but I'd need that to pay expenses at the start, so I could not afford to pay any cash down at the start. I could get along without hiring an editor. I'd run it on the lines of the Standard, and when I got it on a paying basis I'd try to improve it. If an aggressive campaign was made by the Republicans next fall, with the News supporting the party in good shape, the "elephant" might win out, and then the News would come in for all the local town advertising. That would be a big item. Well, I'm going to make the proposition to Mr. Grant, anyway. As he feels under some obligation to me for what I did yesterday for his daughter, he might consider it—that is, if he thinks I can make good as the publisher."

Tom got just as much enthused over the new project as he had over his little advertising business. In fact, more so, for possession of the News offered a regular and permanent investment which, he figured, would land him at the top. That evening he took a copy of both the News and the Standard to his room and looked them over carefully, noting what the former lacked outside of the advertising patronage.

"Hudson seems like a good, smart fellow," he said. "He and I could run the News to the queen's taste. I'll bet I could fill the shop with job work after I had filled the paper with advertising. Of course I'd have to get the subscribers back who have quit taking the paper. As I dare say most of them are good Republicans that oughtn't to be a hard matter. I'd let the town see that the News was on the job for the Republican party, and I guess the necessary support would be forthcoming. Now that I'm interested in this new idea I must push it through."

Next morning Tom called on Mr. Grant. He told that gentleman that he had inspected the printing plant of the News and believed it was worth \$3,000, which he understood was the price the widow was asking.

"What she wants and what she'll get are two very different things. I should offer \$1,800 for the whole business, and try to get it for \$2,000," he said.

"I will get somebody to make an offer of \$2,000 for me, as I don't want to be identified in the purchase," said the gentleman.

"Let me do it."

Mr. Grant looked at him.

"Will you take charge of the advertising end for me?"

"I'd like to take charge of the whole business."

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, in some surprise.

"I mean that I should like to acquire the paper myself. If I had the money I'd buy it right off the reel. It offers to me just the chance I have been looking for to establish myself in a paying business with a future. I have a capital of \$500. If you will buy the paper for me I'll engage to put it on its feet with that \$500. You can take a mortgage to protect yourself, and I will pay you back the money you put up, in instalments of say \$100 every three months until the paper is paid for. But I want six months' leeway, as the paper is in awful bad shape."

Tom's proposition rather took Mr. Grant's breath away, but he did not turn it down. He saw that the boy was smart and a hustler, but still he was afraid he was trying to bite off more than he could chew.

"You think you can make a success of the News?" he said.

"I am certain I can if I am given a fair show," he replied.

"You have been thinking the matter over, of course, since I brought the subject to your attention on Sunday night. Just give me an outline of your plans."

Tom did so, and he spread himself with all the enthusiasm of youth. He was a convincing talker, or he wouldn't have made a success of getting advertising. He fairly talked Mr. Grant over to his side, and that gentleman, who did not wish to assume the responsibility of running the paper himself, but intended buying the publication wholly in the interests of the Republican party in that town, was favorably impressed by the boy's energy, and agreed to buy the paper and turn it over to him to run, with the privilege of buying it at the cost price on time. Tom was tickled to death by his decision.

"You have offered me the chance of my life, Mr. Grant, and I am under great obligation to you. I promise you that you won't regret it."

"I owe you a favor for the kindness you extended to my daughter, and I am glad to have the chance of repaying you," said the gentleman.

It was then and there arranged that Tom should enter into negotiations to acquire the News on the best terms he could make, and Mr. Grant said he would loan him the purchase price, taking a mortgage on the property as security. After Tom had put the deal through, the terms of repaying the loan could be settled on a suitable and easy basis. In the event that Tom, for any reason, failed to make a success of the venture, Mr. Grant would then go back to his original plan of hiring a man to run the paper on the lines he wanted it run. On leaving the office of the novelty manufacturing company, Tom made a bee-line for the office of the News. Beck was at his desk putting some local items he had picked up into shape for the compositor.

"Well," he said, turning around and recognizing Tom, "have you come after that job of yours? I'll call my foreman."

"Don't disturb yourself about the job. It isn't ready yet. I called about something else."

"Something else you wanted printed?"

"No. I see this establishment is for sale. What do you want for it?"

Beck stared at him in surprise.

"Do you want to buy it?" he said, with a sneer.

"I do, if the price is right."

"Why, you're only a kid. You couldn't run a newspaper."

"Maybe not, but I have a wish to try."

"Have you \$3,000?"

"Do you expect to get that for this place?"

"Certainly. It's worth \$5,000."

"I've been over the plant, and I am a practical printer. I know about what it is worth to a purchaser. The paper isn't worth anything, from the looks of it. It will take a lot of energy to build it up to a point where it will pay."

"What are you talking about? My uncle made a good living out of it. The books will show it."

"I won't dispute that, but will the books show that it is making any money now. Your uncle has been dead for a year, and during that time the Standard seems to have cut all the underpinning away from it. I am an advertising man, and I have gone over the advertising patronage you have now, without knowing what you are getting for your space, and it doesn't look as if your income from that source amounts to a whole lot."

"Are you trying to bluff me, young fellow?" cried Beck. "I know what the paper is worth. We want \$3,000. If you don't want to pay that get out."

"I'll give you \$2,000 cash."

"No you don't. Nobody gets this plant under \$3,000."

"Then I guess you'll keep it," said Tom, feeling disappointed, for Beck's attitude was positive. "Should you change your mind you can let me know. I'm stopping at the Eastlake House."

Beck turned his back on him and resumed his work. Tom took the hint and left, going back to the hotel.

CHAPTER XI.—Tom Takes Over the News.

That afternoon Tom called on Mr. Grant again and told him about his interview with young Beck and its unfruitful result.

"The widow will never be able to get \$3,000, or even \$2,500 for the plant," said Tom; "but if she holds back in expectation of getting what she wants, it will make matters awkward for me, for I can't afford to hang around this town waiting for her to come to my terms."

"Perhaps it would pay you to raise your bid," said Mr. Grant. "You say the plant is worth \$3,000. Why not offer \$2,500? I'll see you through."

"All right. I'll do it, but it's more than anybody else will give."

"You don't know. I'd rather pay \$3,000 for the paper than run the chance of it falling into the hands of a person whose sympathies were not with the Republican party. An independent paper would be of no use to us."

"Well, I'll make another attempt to buy the place for \$2,500," said Tom.

That afternoon, when he dropped in at the News office to see if his work was ready, he had a talk with Hudson, and told that young man

that he was authorized to give \$2,500 for the plant if the deal could be put through at once.

"I offered Beck \$2,000 to-day, but he got insulted over it. He told me that \$3,000 was the price, and it wouldn't be sold for a cent less," said Tom.

"Call on Mrs. Beck and offer her \$2,500," said the foreman.

"But if her nephew tells her not to sell at that figure she probably will not accept it."

"I have told Beck that \$3,000 was too high for him to ask, and suggested \$2,500, but he told me to go to grass. If Mrs. Beck had offered the paper and plant for sale right after her husband's death, when things were going all right, she could have got five or six thousand dollars. That nephew of hers has simply spoiled the business. He isn't worth the powder it would take to blow him up. He thinks he knows it all, and he doesn't know enough to go in when it rains. I feel sorry for her having such a lobster around, but you couldn't tell her what he is, for she believes in him. He is solid with her, and that makes him think himself a person of importance," said Hudson.

"If I called on Mrs. Beck with an offer it would make Beck mad, I guess, and he would oppose my offer at any price, just to get back at me. The only thing I can do is to see Beck again and raise the ante."

Tom took his job away, and next morning he called on his advertisers, distributed the cards and collected his money. Then he went to the News office to see Beck. He found the young man at his desk with a lady visitor, who proved to be his aunt.

"Mr. Beck, I have thought the matter over and decided to raise my offer for the News to \$2,500. That is all the money I have, so I can't go any higher," said Tom, in a tone that he hoped would conciliate the young man.

"The price is \$3,000," said Beck, haughtily.

"Why not have your foreman in and let us talk it over. I am ready to hand over the cash if we can come to an agreement."

"Who do you represent?" asked Mrs. Beck.

"I am making the offer for a gentleman friend of mine," replied Tom.

"I thought you said you wanted to buy it yourself?" said Beck.

"I expect to run the paper if my friend buys it, but he won't put up more than \$2,500. If you won't take it that will let me out."

"Do you think you can run a paper?" sneered Beck.

"I will do the best I can."

"I guess you'd run it in the ground."

"Philip, I think I had better take his offer," said Mrs. Beck. "Joe told me I would be lucky to get that price in the condition the paper is."

"Oh, if you want to take it, take it, I don't care," growled Beck. "I think you ought to get \$3,000."

"But I am losing money every week. If I don't get another offer soon I will be worse off than if I sold now."

Beck wheeled around in his chair.

"Are you ready to put up the money as soon as the papers are signed?" he said to Tom.

"Yes. I'll put up \$500 to bind the bargain inside of half an hour."

"Fetch the money around and I'll give you a receipt for it on account."

"Draw up a paper saying that you agree to sell the paper for \$2,500, and let Mrs. Beck sign it. Hand it over to your foreman to hold till I get back. Then have the receipt for \$500, signed by Mrs. Beck, ready for me," said Tom.

"All right," said Beck.

The required paper was drawn up, signed and handed to Hudson. Tom then left to get his \$500, for he did not care to have any more delay about the deal than he could help, lest Beck should change his mind and persuade his aunt to draw out of the arrangement, though the document the foreman had protected him to a certain extent. Inside of thirty minutes Tom was back with the money, which he passed over to Beck, and got both papers. Then Tom felt safe. The arrangement was that the paper was to be turned over to him on the following Saturday after the next issue come out. Tom expected that it would be pretty bum, for now that the paper was practically sold he did not think Beck would exert himself much over the next issue. He was right. Beck told Hudson to put any old thing in the paper as long as he filled it up.

"Slap all the old electros you have into it," he grinned, "and fill the rest of the space with plate matter. 'We're through with it. I don't care how it looks. Anything will go. I'm not going to spend any money on composition.'"

"That isn't fair to the new man, is it?" said the foreman.

"What do I care for the new man? Has he hired you and the rest of the force?"

"Not yet he hasn't, but I suppose he will when he takes over the paper."

"Well, you're working for me this week so do as I tell you."

In the meanwhile Tom called on Mr. Grant and told him he had bought the paper for \$2,500, and was to take possession on Saturday.

"I paid my own \$500 as a guarantee," he said.

"Very well. You can have the purchase price whenever you want it. We will call on my lawyer and have the papers prepared. You want to get a full inventory of the property. Better attend to that right away. It will have to go into the mortgage, and you want to know what you are getting for your money."

Mr. Grant and Tom went to Lawyer's Green's office. Tom was introduced to the legal gentleman as the new owner of the Eastlake News.

"I am lending him the money to make the purchase," said Mr. Grant. "In return for the obligation he is to run the paper in the interests of the Republican party, and to build it up to the point where it stood when Mr. Beck died. Although I have only known this young man a few days, I have reason to believe that he will make good, and I think we can count on the paper being in good trim by the time the fall campaign opens. The Democrats had everything their way last year, but they won't have things quite so easy this year. They have already created a lot of dissatisfaction by the way they are reaching out for graft. They are saddling a big debt on the town, and having captured the patronage they hope to retain their control, but I fancy they will be disappointed. The

News is going to keep the people posted right from the start about the way things are going, though the public ought to be able to see for themselves."

Lawyer Green, who was a staunch Republican, said he was glad to hear that the News was to be taken over by a capable publisher, for it had certainly gone to the bow-wows under the management of Widow Beck's nephew. He said he would prepare the papers asked for. Mr. Grant then handed Tom a check, made out to cash, for the \$500 he had paid on account.

"Mr. Green will make the other payment, acting as your lawyer, when you take the property over. Go and attend to the inventory, and arrange to have Mrs. Beck call here on whatever hour Mr. Green sets to sign the bill of sale and receive the rest of the money," said Mr. Grant.

Tom proceeded at once to the News office. Beck was not around, so Tom told Hudson what he wanted.

"All right," said the foreman, "we will get it up right away. You can help me if you like. By the way, do you expect to keep the present working force?"

"Sure," said Tom. "I think you'll suit me first rate, and if you say the others are all right I'll keep them. You have two compositors, haven't you?"

"Yes. They are sisters, but they are making very little lately. One of them could more than set up all the news that went in the paper. They are feeling discouraged, for there is no chance for them on the Standard, and there is no other printing office in the place. The News and Standard do all the printing of the town. The Standard is very busy, and has put in extra presses, since it got all the town printing which we used to do when the Republicans were running things."

"You can tell the sisters that I will see that they get enough to do soon to keep them busy. The News is going to wake up and let folks know that it's alive again. Who has acted as reporter for Beck?"

"He had a clever young chap, but he had a scrap with him a couple of months ago and fired him. Since then he was acting as his own reporter, and mighty little news he's been getting for the paper. The News is a joke in the Standard office, and I don't wonder. I've been disgusted with Beck's methods for the last six months. But what could I do? I'm the foreman of the printery, not the editor."

"I'd like to meet the young fellow who was fired. I'd take him on."

"He has been working on and off for the Standard, but I guess you can get him back if you can promise him steady work. I'll see him to-night and send him around to the hotel to see you."

"Do so."

Hudson told Tom the orders he got from Beck about the current issue.

"If the paper comes out the way he intends it, it will disgust the subscribers and advertisers we have left. If I were you I'd insist on superintending the issue even if you had to agree to pay a part of the expense. Get some real news into it as an evidence of what you intend to do in the future."

"I'll see to it," said Tom. "Thanks for putting

me wise. Beck is a pretty small potato, I think." He carried the inventory around to the lawyer's office, then returned and went over the book's of the News establishment. They showed a big difference from the time of the late Mr. Beck. The only part of the establishment that held its own pretty well was the job printing branch, though the Standard people had captured some of the trade. With Hudson's help Tom made a list of all the advertisers that formerly bought space in the paper, with the price they paid, and took it away with him. That evening the young reporter, whose name was Fred Davis, called on him, and Tom, after a heart-to-heart talk, engaged him and told him to get all the news he could for that week's issue and hand it in to the foreman. Next morning he saw Beck and told him that he wanted a decent paper that week, agreeing to pay for half of the composition, and the wages of his reporter. Beck objected at first, but Tom wouldn't stand any nonsense from him, and he gave in, for he was only a bluff at the best. Tom then called on Mr. Grant.

"I want you to give me a letter recommending me in a general way to the people of this town as the new publisher of the News. As you are one of the most prominent citizens, it is bound to help me," said Tom.

The gentleman willingly furnished the letter. Tom then called on the department store of the town which formerly advertised in the News. He saw the party who controlled the advertising, told him he had bought the News and intended to build it up, showed Mr. Grant's letter, and said he wanted to make a contract for advertising space for the rest of that year.

"I don't know that the News is worth much to us now. The Standard circulates all over town and fills the bill. We might give you some advertising from time to time," said the man.

"Six months from now you won't talk that way, Mr. Smith," said Tom. "I am willing to sell space cheap for the next three months, but after that time I look for advancing rates. If you want to take advantage of my offer now is the chance. You use half a page in the Standard. I'll give you half a page in the News during the rest of the month—three issues for!—and he mentioned a low figure—"with change of copy each week. For April the price will be ten per cent. higher, and May another ten per cent. You will have the privilege of examining our circulation book, and if it doesn't show an advance each week you can have the space for nothing."

"I'll take your offer, subject to cancellation if you don't make good," said the advertising manager, and the deal was made.

Tom called on a score of the old advertisers and talked most of them back, on an upward sliding scale. The printing office was a busy place next day, and up to eleven o'clock that night, and also on the following day, which was Friday and publication day. Davis, the reporter, kept the two girl compositor's busy, and an extra printer was called in to help Hudson on the advertisements. The result was the paper looked first-rate when it came out, instead of on the blink as Beck had intended it should. On Satur-

day Tom succeeded to the ownership of the News, and the new regime began.

Tom turned the editing part of the paper to Fred Davis and looked after the building up of the News himself. Tom also saw several of the leading Republicans and assured them of the support of the paper for the next election. New departments were added. An editorial bristling with facts and figures attacked the local Democratic government. Soon the paper gained in circulation under the management of Tom. In the meantime he spent a great deal of time with Miss Nellie Grant. He was a prime favorite with the Grants. Things went along swimmingly as regarded the News.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Hudson had been obliged to hire an additional compositor on the paper and two extra jobbers in the job department. Fred Davis also secured the services of his younger brother to hustle for news, in order that the News might not fall behind the Standard in that respect. The first week in July showed a falling off in job work, and the extra men were laid off. There was no lay-off for the newspaper typesetters. Tom, in accordance with his promise to Mr. Grant, quit his hustling tactics and took things easier. Some of the advertisements dropped off, but they would have dropped away anyway, for trade was dull. Ever since he took hold of the paper Tom had not thought once about the old watch-tower over near Springdale village. He still corresponded with Dick Mold, but his letters were very brief, dealing chiefly with his hard work to establish the News. One Sunday morning he thought about the old newspapers in the mahogany box. He took them out and that afternoon carried them over to show them to Nellie Grant, and tell her how near he believed he came to getting hold of the treasure that Ben Baxter believed lay hidden some place in the tower.

"If I had not lost that letter—stolen, I am sure, by the one-eyed sailor who attacked you the day I made your acquaintance—things might have gone differently with me. On the whole, I'm glad matters turned out as they have. I am now making my own way to the front by my own exertions, and I have the pleasure of the friendship of one of the best little girls in the world—yourself—not to speak of the friendship and backing of your father, and the good opinion of your mother."

"Do you value my friendship so highly?" asked Nellie, archly.

"Do I! I should say I do. You are my star of hope. The only girl in the whole world I care for."

"Do you really mean that?" she said, looking down.

"Yes. I only wish I had a chance to—to win you for my wife some day, but I fear, even if you favored me, that your father and mother are looking higher, for you are their only one, and nothing is too good for you."

"Whatever I say my father and mother will agree to. I am too young yet to dream of marriage, but not too young to realize that I love you, Tom, and always will."

"You do, dear? You make me very happy to hear you say so, but your parents would not approve—"

"My father thinks you are the smartest boy in the world, and I am sure you have proved it. If a year from now I should tell him that I have picked you out for my mate, I don't think he will make any objection. By that time you will be at the head of the newspaper business in Eastlake."

"It won't be my fault if I'm not. Well, shall we ride down to the old watch-tower this afternoon? It is a fine day, and we can get back by tea-time. Not much danger of our meeting the one-eyed sailor there now."

Nellie agreed, and Tom started for the livery-stable to get a horse. On his way he stepped at his home to replace the old paper in the mahogany box. Opening the sea chest he saw the old jacket he wore at the time of the old sailor's death. Something prompted him to take it out.

"I don't see why I keep this old thing, unless it is as a matter of sentiment. I think I'll shake it for good. Hello, what is this?"

He felt something stiff in the lining. Curious to find out what it was, he tore the lining and out popped the letter he received from Lawyer Thornton. Tom stared at it in a stupefied way.

"My gracious! can that really be the letter?"

The old sailor's handwriting proved that it surely was. In not a little excitement Tom opened it and took out the encloser.

"Dear Tom," it ran, "you will receive this after my death, and its contents will be a great surprise to you. You have been a good boy, friend and companion to me, and are entitled to your reward. Open the mahogany box and read the newspaper accounts of the wreck of the bark Sunderland and what that disaster led to. There is concealed in that old watch-tower a pot containing what is left of a treasure in English sovereigns. How much there is I don't know, but believe there are several thousand dollars. The directions to find the pot is written on the back of this letter. Follow them and you will find the money. Above all things don't delay a moment in going to the tower, and beware of the one-eyed sailor named Bill Bunker. He is a scoundrel and is after the money, too, but he can do nothing without the directions. He may turn up any time, so start at once. Your friend,
"BEN BAXTER."

On the back of the letter were the directions referred to.

"The old watch-tower stands on the SE end of a swamp, and is one mile NNW of the village of Springdale, which is eight miles NW of the town of Oldport by the sea. Go to Oldport, and then make your way to the tower. Go on horse-back and take a pair of saddlebags, or a couple of stout cloth bags, to carry the money in. Enter the tower, and at the SE corner you will find a trap. Under this is a flight of stone steps. You will need a lantern or a candle. Go down, dig in the NE corner and you will find the pot. As the trap is probably covered over with weeds, you won't be able to see it until you look care-

fully for it in the indicated spot. That is all. I wish you luck with your legacy. Ben."

He shoved the letter in his pocket, locked up the sea chest, and started for the stable. When he reached the Grant home he found Nellie impatiently waiting for him.

"It took you some time to get the horse," she said, looking at him.

"No, something else delayed me. The most astonishing thing you ever heard of," he replied.

"What was it?" she asked, curiously.

"I'll tell you on the way. By the way, could I get a couple of stout cloth bags. Anything that will hold a weight will do."

"Why, what do you want with the bags?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"That is part of my story."

"I will speak to the cook," she said. "Wait for me."

She walked around to the kitchen and came back with two Indian meal bags.

"Will they do?" she asked.

"I don't think they are big enough, but never mind, we will see when we get to the tower."

"The tower!" she said, as he lifted her into her saddle.

"Yes," he replied, vaulting on his own horse and starting for the gate. "You remember I told you about the paper which I believed contained the direction how to find the treasure supposed to be hidden in the old watch-tower, and which I supposed the one-eyed sailor robbed me of?"

"Yes," she said, expectantly.

"I found that letter in the lining of the old jacket I wore at the time I lived in Littleton village."

"You did!" she cried.

"Yes. That is what delayed me. I went home to return those old papers to the mahogany box, for I regard them as relics and I don't want to lose them. Here is the letter. Read it," and he passed it to her.

Nellie did, and was astonished.

"My, you will be able to get that money now, won't you?" she cried, eagerly.

"I hope so. That's why I asked for the bags—to fetch it away in."

"But they're not large enough. Let us go back and get bigger ones," she said.

"No," said Tom, "let us find out if the money is there first. Never count your chickens before they are out of the shells. I may be disappointed. Fifty years is a long time for money to remain undiscovered in a place so often visited as the old watch-tower. Who knows but it was found long ago?"

"I hope not," she said. "I should be awfully disappointed if it wasn't there."

So they rode along, talking about the money and wondering what was its value. In due time they reached the watch-tower, now completely lost in its coating of green ivy, and almost hidden from the road by the trees in their summer dress. They dismounted, tied their animals and entered the tower. Fortunately no visitors were there then. Tom lost no time in hunting for the trap, and found it hidden under the rank vegetation. It took all his strength to lift it

after cutting away the weeds. Tom had brought a candle and a trowel from his house. Lighting the former he descended, followed by the girl. Going to the designated corner, he began turning up the earth. At a depth of a few inches he struck a covered pot.

"It is here," he cried, exultantly.

It proved to be only a small pot, which he soon lifted out. Its weight convinced him that it could not be more than half full of gold. He could easily carry it.

"We'll take it up into the light of day," he said.

When the cover was removed the pot was found to contain a quantity of English sovereigns. It was less than half full. Tom decided to take the pot as it stood, and used the bags to clean it off. On reaching the Grant home Tom exhibited his prize to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and told his story from the day of old Ben Baxter's death. Naturally, the gentleman and his wife were astonished. The gold was turned out and the sovereigns counted. There were 2,000 of them, and their value amounted to about \$9,680. Tom turned them into the Eastlake Bank next day, and returned Mr. Grant his \$3,500, leaving him with a capital of about \$7,000, not speaking of his collections, to run his paper with. When the political campaign started he issued the News three times a week, receiving special advertising and a bonus from the members of the Republican Club. The Democrats induced the owner of the Standard to do likewise, but it did not pay him very well. It was a hot fight, and the News was particularly aggressive, and showed the Democratic regime up in a way that hurt the party.

The Republicans won out. Tom was now certain of getting the town advertising and printing the next year, and he made his paper a bi-weekly right away. The Standard followed suit. On the first of the year Tom enlarged his paper to eight pages, for he had more advertising than he could accommodate in four. The Standard couldn't afford to meet him, and so the News became the acknowledged leader. New factories came to Eastlake, for Tom boomed the town in great shape, and the News increased its circulation. Thus Tom made his own luck by energy and push and by going it alone.

Next week's issue will contain "LITTLE DAN TUCKER; OR, MAKING BIG MONEY IN WALL STREET."

LACE PAYS HIS WAY

Ordinarily father pays his son's college bills; occasionally son earns his own way, but there is a student enrolled at Iowa State College who not only earns his own way but supports his parents as well.

G. M. Sinanian, a sophomore in veterinary medicine, receives lace from Armenia, pays 100 per cent. duty on it, sells it to Iowa folks and splits the proceeds with his people back in Armenia. He augments this income by doing odd jobs about the campus. He states that there is a ready and profitable market for the lace.

CURRENT NEWS

AURORA BOREALIS STOPS CARS

The trolley cars of the Louisville, Ky., Railway Company were held up for twenty-five minutes when the current was cut off by disturbances in the atmosphere created by the aurora borealis.

THE "BREATHING CAVE"

Near Prescott, Ariz., there is a natural phenomenon known as the breathing cave. Any one standing near the opening can feel the air rushing out, and if he waits long enough he can feel the current of air changing, so that it is drawn back into the cave."

ENGINES TUNED WITH PIANO

A piano is used in an English locomotive works as a detector of hidden flaws. As the component parts are brought together for assembly, a man with a hammer goes all over each. If the metal rings true with a note on the piano then all is well, but if it is a trifle sharp or flat a flaw is indicated and can be remedied.

A GLASS ROADWAY

In the Yellowstone National Park, along the base of the Obsidian Cliff, there is a glass road. The cliff through which the road was cut is of volcanic glass, jet black and quite opaque, with occasional streaks of red and yellow, and in the sunlight it gleams like a diamond.

NEEDLE APPEARS IN BABY

Three years ago Mrs. Frank J. Schwing, who then was Miss Ethel Frink, swallowed a needle two inches long. Two months later she was married. Charlotte, her 22-month-old baby began to cry the other day, and continued apparently without cause.

Mrs. Schwing investigated the little girl's repeated rubbing of a spot on her left shoulder and felt a foreign body under the skin. She probed and found the needle. The head of the needle had disappeared. The blunt end of the needle finally protruded, and the mother withdrew it. Neighbors were present when she withdrew the needle. The mother and daughter never suffered pain from the needle until the girl felt it in her shoulder.

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By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Billy suspected the truth at once, but he got up the stairs as fast as he could, only to find the room empty, and the cords that had bound the boy on the floor."

Griggs whistled in utter astonishment.

"How could he do it?"

"I don't know, but he did."

"He's a wonder."

"He's more than that to us."

"That's true, and it kind of gives me the creeps to think that we can't get the best of him. We've got a big job coming off in a few days, so we must do something to block him, for with his sharp eyes it's more than even chances that he'd spot the game and block it. I never saw such a kid, but it's his brains against mine, and I'll back myself to beat him."

"What'll you do next?"

"I'm not quite sure, but I've got the skeleton of an idea in my head at the present time. I don't think I'll bother with him on the next move, but as it's perfectly plain that he's dead gone on the girl, I may make the move that way."

"I don't quite get you."

"Well, the boss idolizes his daughter, and this young sprig is clean gone over her pretty face. What condition do you think either of them would be in to spot a little game if anything happened to her?"

"Good! That's your chance?"

"I think so, and I'll work out the plan in a day or two. The kid's looking this way."

That was enough to cause Barrett to put an end to his polishing, for both he and Griggs had come to fear the sharp eyes of our hero.

Late in the afternoon a few days later, a sailor came into the place, carrying a most beautifully carved chair of ivory inlaid with pearl in very fine designs. He came from a foreign port, and had often sold his curios to the commission merchant, and now showed the chair to him.

Mr. Crossman was charmed with the chair, and as the sailor put a reasonable price on it he purchased it.

"Christine will be delighted with it," he said to Harry, who was standing by at the time. "She is very fond of such things. Now, as the chair is very heavy for me, and I don't care to trust it to an expressman, suppose you carry it home to-night for me when I go, and then you can be sure that Christine will thank you as well as me."

"Certainly, sir," said Harry, and was secretly pleased to know that he would have the pleasure of meeting the pretty girl who was so much in his thoughts.

When they arrived at the home of the commission merchant, the latter admitted himself with a key into the well-lighted hallway, and just as he did so a maid servant came down the stairs.

She caught sight of the face of her employer, and uttered a little scream, and then stood like a statue on the stairway looking at him as though unable to credit the evidence of her senses.

"What's matter, Margaret?" asked Mr. Crossman, astonished at the odd conduct of the girl.

"Why, sir," said the maid in a shaky voice, "I never expected to lay eyes on you again!"

CHAPTER XXI

The Mysterious Disappearance Of Christine.

Wondering what this was all about, HarryHale put the carved ivory chair down in the hallway, and looked from the master to the maid, who were staring at one another in a manner that might have been laughable had not the faces of both expressed such seriousness.

"Margaret," slowly said Mr. Crossman, "did I understand you to say that you never expected to lay eyes on me again?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why?"

"Because I thought you would likely be dead by this time."

"For what reason?"

"On account of the accident, sir."

"What are you talking about?"

"The accident that happened to you to-day. The note said that you were hurt so bad that you might not live an hour, and that is why Miss Christine ran out half dressed."

"When was that?" he demanded.

"About one o'clock this afternoon, sir."

"And when did she come back?" quickly interposed Harry, who began to have a suspicion of trouble.

"She hasn't come back yet," was the reply of the maid, and then the commission merchant began to see that something was wrong, and his limbs trembled so that he had to sit down. Harry saw that he was in no condition to pursue the inquiry, so he took the matter in hand.

"Margaret," he said, speaking calmly, so as not to excite the maid and cause her to become bewildered in her answers, "just tell us what happened about one o'clock to-day."

"Why," said the maid, "I was just passing through the hallway at that time when the bell rang, and when I opened the door I saw a little boy standing there with a folded note in his hand. He handed me the note, and asked me if this was the right place."

"I took the note from him and looked at it. Miss Christine's name was on it, written in pencil, and so I told the boy that it was all right, and he went away while I called up the stairs."

"Miss Christine came running down, and I handed the note to her. She looked at it and gave a little scream, and then she cried out:

"Oh, my poor papa, he will surely die!"

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

ASIA THE FIRST HOME OF MANKIND

Discoveries made by Roy Chapman Andrews, hear of the American Museum of Natural History's expedition to China and Mongolia, indicate that the first habitation of men and of the giant land mammals of prehistoric time was on the Asiatic Continent.

METALS FOUND IN VEGETABLES

Cobalt and nickel have not been classed with the elements essential to food plants, but their quite constant occurrence in minute quantity has been lately shown by two European chemists. Twenty plants were examined, the parts used as food being preferably selected. They included carrots, onions, potatoes, spinach, lettuce, apricots, tomatoes, beans, such grains as wheat, oats, buckwheat and maize, one fungus. Nickel was found in all of these products, in proportions ranging from one part in 100,000 in tomatoes up to one in 500 in peas. Cobalt was missing from carrots and oats, and the quantity in other vegetables varied from one part in more than 200,000 to three in 10,000 in buckwheat.

PRODIGY

A fourteen-year-old boy has been made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter at Columbia University.

He is Edward Roche Hardy, Jr., of No. 419 West 118th street, New York. He is believed to be the youngest person ever admitted to the Greek letter fraternity, election to which is solely on a basis of scholarship.

The boy is the son of Prof. Edward R. Hardy of New York University. His mother, Dr. Sarah Browne Belcher Hardy, has three scholarship degrees. At the age of five Edward entered New York University and took the course on school gardens. He made out his own enrollment blank.

He entered Columbia at twelve in 1920 and became a senior in two and a half years. Edward's daily chum is his mother. Although he is still in short trousers he is very large for his age.

Edward is said to have knowledge of twelve languages. He is also a student of history, science and mathematics, and plays the piano, harp, violin and mandolin. He intends to become a missionary.

GIANT STEEL HANDS WILL GROPE FOR LOST MILLIONS

Immense steel hands will reach down through sixty-five fathoms of water and seek out the \$5,000,000 in gold which sunk with the P. and O. liner Egypt six months ago off Ushant.

Groping through the silences of the water, these almost human machines will feel their way to the vaults of the ship where the gold was stored.

A Swedish engineering firm has agreed to spend \$500,000 to raise the gold. They are confident of success. If they do they will keep \$3,000,000 and Lloyds, who met the heaviest loss in the shipwreck, will get the remainder.

A specially equipped submarine will be sent to the bottom when the wreck has been definitely found. The hulk will be explored from all sides and accurate charts made. Targets will then be selected in the Egypt's hull and large holes made with torpedoes. Exactly what will happen then is a dark secret, except for the fact that a monstrous engineering device, rivalling the dreams even of Jules Verne, is in preparation for the work. All that is known is that the human hand is the underlying motif of the scheme.

The hands, attached to giant arms, will reach into the ship and grasp the chests of gold. The steel fingers will not relax, even though the water at that depth would crush a diver's helmet. The treasure will be lifted at the sea bottom and then brought to the surface.

Details of this romantic undertaking have been thrashed out by hard-headed business men who are behind it and work will begin in May. It will last three summers. If the project succeeds it will open up the prospect of recovering untold millions now at the bottom of the sea.

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Falling Into His Own Trap

By HORACE APPLETON

In the whaling service the daughter or wife of a captain sometimes accompanies him on the voyage.

Leila Vail, a beautiful young girl of seventeen, was with her father aboard the whaleship Orleans when that vessel went up into the Arctic Ocean for a cruise.

To see her standing on the quarter-deck, watching the huge icebergs as the ship glided past them, the crew might almost imagined them the fabled frost spirits which the Eskimos imagine haunt these distant regions.

Rather below than above the average height of women, Leila's skin was of a very snowy white, her features regular, her eyes of a deep, clear blue, while her flaxen hair fell in showers down her shoulders.

Two men were watching her one morning, as she stood thus, their eyes showing admiration.

One was the first officer, a fine young fellow, named Dick Marlton.

The other was Hal Warner, the second mate, a dusky man, whose mother was a Spaniard, and whose father was an American.

Hal Warner had a dark, distrustful face, while around his thin lips and in his small black eyes there rested an expression of cruelty, which alone prevented his being a handsome man.

Dick Marlton had dark hair, dark-brown eyes, and that rich olive complexion which we often notice in good-looking young sailors.

The two men were rivals for the favors of Leila Vail.

From the moment they caught sight of the young woman each had made up his mind to win her if possible.

She evidently preferred Marlton, who was the more intelligent of the two, but she was so gentle and good that she was afraid to show her preference too openly, for fear of causing a quarrel between the rivals.

She guessed that Hal was a man of desperate temper—that he was of a dark, revengeful nature—and so she had resolved not to be demonstrative regarding her choice, as long as she could possibly avoid it.

This kept Dick Marlton in doubt, and made him rather sadden than had been his wont.

Sometimes Leila would break off in the midst of an earnest conversation with him, and suddenly seem cold and distant, when, glancing up, Dick would perhaps behold the second mate standing near.

Then he would ask himself which of them did she love?

"See here," said Captain Vail, who was a bluff and hearty old skipper, more used to the lance and harpoon than to English grammar. "See here, Dick! Just come here a minute, my lad."

Dick was at the time conversing with Leila, who, however, suddenly said, "Good-morning, Mr. Marlton," and retired to the cabin.

The first officer at once glided to the side of the captain, who then led him over to starboard, out of hearing of Hal Warner, who was not far off, with eyes and ears wide open.

"See here, now," said the skipper, bringing his hand upon the shoulder of Marlton with a force which almost knocked the young man down, "why do you stand shilly-shallying around my girl in the way you do? If I had done that way with Mrs. Vail, this girl"—pointing over his shoulder towards the companionway through which Leila had disappeared—"would never have been born."

Dick smiled.

"I give you permission, and if you don't capture her in the tying of a square knot, then I'll swallow a marline spike."

"Thank you, sir."

"Come now, down you go into the cabin. I want this thing settled. I want to know who's going to be my son-in-law before this cruise is up."

"But—but—perhaps she don't prefer me, sir; perhaps it is Mr. Warner. I should feel awkward if I should find this out."

"Avast there! you must heave the lead before you can find bottom. Away you go, now."

Vail's manner was so imperious that Dick found himself descending the companion steps as if he had been blown down them by a tornado.

There sat Leila in the cabin, her elbow on her knee, her pretty cheek resting on her hand, her hair falling in showers about her bosom.

She looked up and blushed, not seeming at all displeased when she perceived who had entered.

This emboldened him.

He glided to her side and took one of her hands.

"Leila, will you be my wife?"

The little beauty was completely taken by surprise.

Perhaps she felt glad that he had at last relieved her of the hard task of so long concealing the true state of her heart.

"Yes," she answered, softly but readily.

And blushing very red, she hid her face in his bosom.

"Come here," said Captain Vail to Hal Warner.

He came, and the captain pointed through the grating at the pretty picture down there in the cabin.

"You see, sir, you must 'tack ship' now," said Vail, laughing. "She prefers him, and is going to marry him."

The lovers, hearing voices, glanced up, to discover they were observed.

Leila jumped up.

"Oh, father, how could you!" she cried; and ran into her room, while Dick went on deck.

He caught the eye of Hal Warner.

The latter's face was almost black with rage and jealousy, and his little eyes seemed to fairly snap.

"They are laughing, the captain and that Marlton, over their triumph," thought Hal; "but as true as there is a sky above us, that fellow shall never marry Leila."

For days he busied his brain, trying to hatch some horrible plan for getting rid of Marlton.

At last he believed that chance would favor him.

Down in the forehold were some large full water-casks which were to be hoisted to make room for others lashed on deck and containing oil.

In case of a heavy blow the rail might give way, and these casks, with their precious freight, be carried overboard, never to be recovered.

It was, therefore, better that water, of which there was a plentiful supply aboard, should be lost than oil, wherefore the reason of the meditated removal.

When the day should come for this work Mr. Marlton, as was his custom, would go down into the steerage hold to superintend the hoisting of the water-casks.

"Are you sure that tackle is good and sound?" inquired the captain, glancing up at the guy which held the large rope secured round the mainmasthead, to which the tackle-blocks were attached.

"I believe it is," answered Dick Marlton, "as I superintended getting it up."

It was night when the captain put the foregoing question to the young man, a dark night, with neither stars nor moon.

Soon after, it being Dick's watch below, he descended into the cabin, Hal Warner, the second mate, having charge of the next watch.

"Now, then, now is my time," said Warner, the moment he gained the deck.

He glided amidships, and, glancing around him to make sure that the men were all in the fore-castle at their supper, which had been unusually delayed this day owing to extra work, he mounted into the maintop.

The darkness, as mentioned, was nearly impenetrable, but the light of a lantern forward in the forerigging, and another in the main, shed a dim light sufficient to enable Warner to accomplish the dastardly purpose he had in view.

Gliding along the tackle-rope, with his pocket-knife between his teeth, he finally reached the guy, upon which seating himself, he now deliberately cut into two of the strands of the tackle-rope, thus weakening it so that it would probably give way at a critical moment, when the suspended cask was just so high, and Dick Marlton directly under it.

But how could Warner be sure upon this latter point?

The wicked are seldom at a loss for expedients to carry out their vile purposes, and as Warner returned to the deck a simple idea occurred to him for inspiring the presence of Dick beneath the dangerous cask.

He would call upon Mr. Marlton, while the cask was being hoisted, pretending that he thought it leaked.

He had cut the rope transversely in such a jagged way that no person would suspect that a knife had been used, but that the strand had untwisted and broken, caused by the strain of the guy.

Eagerly Warner awaited the coming of dawn.

At last the gray light stole around the ship, and the schemer was glad to perceive that it was a foggy morning.

At length, breakfast being finished, all hands were summoned.

Dick Marlton, the first man, jumped into the steerage, followed by most of the foremast hands. The hooks were soon fastened to an enormous cask.

"Hoist away!" sang Dick, cheerily, and went at work to remove another.

Up, up, up went the ponderous mass—no person under it.

Warner trembled.

"Mr. Marlton," he suddenly exclaimed, "I think that cask leaks in the bilge."

Marlton was about getting under it to see, when he heard the voice of Captain Vail:

"Can't spare time. Go ahead, Marlton, at what you are doing. Mr. Warner, you jump down and look at the under part of that cask. I'm in a hurry to have 'em all up. Hoist away, men," he added to those at the fall, who had stopped pulling.

Warner stood still.

He was as pale as death, with great beads of perspiration on his brow.

"What do you mean, sir, by such actions?" cried the captain, shaking him.

"I don't think it leaks, after all," said he. "I believe I was mistaken."

"Well, down you go and make sure," cried the captain, "if it's only to obey my orders."

Warner made a motion as if to go, then slipped purposely and fell on the deck.

He sat holding his ankle as if he had sprained it.

Vail looked at him keenly.

"I don't want you to go if you are hurt," he said.

The second mate rose to his feet and limped as if in pain, to carry out the deception.

Suddenly there was a slight snapping of the tackle, when, forgetting himself, he ran to starboard, thinking that the rope was about to part, and anxious to get out of the way of the blocks when they should fall.

"Ho, ho!" cried Captain Vail, "so you did not hurt yourself, after all? Now, then, down you go into that steerage and look at the bilge of that cask."

Warner would have put it off longer, but the captain pushed him into the steerage.

"Under the cask! Come, lively now!"

He just crawled under and looked up, saying: "No, it don't leak."

And then was about drawing quickly back, when snap went the tackle-rope again, and down came the ponderous cask, falling and rolling over him.

When the cask was removed, he was a horrible spectacle to behold.

He lingered long enough to reveal, with that sudden twinge of consciousness which sometimes comes over the dying, the terrible trick of which he had been guilty, to only fall into the trap he had set for another.

He was buried in the deep waters that same day, unregretted by a single man aboard.

Ten months later, Leila Vail and Marlton were married.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

WORLD'S FASTEST RIVER

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in India, which rises 15,200 feet above the sea and falls 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

SMOKESTACK GROWS TREE

A tree is growing on the top of a smokestack of an abandoned factory near Turners Falls, Mass. Its sustenance comes from the moisture in the bricks.

A COLLAPSING MOUNTAIN

The surface of Black Mountain, near Carmel, Pa., is slowly sinking on account of a fire in the coal beneath. The fire has been raging for twelve years and eventually, it is feared, the side of the mountain will drop.

GIRL'S DREAM SOLVES ROBBERY

Mary Frances of North Charleroi, Pa., dreamed she saw a paymaster of the Pittsburgh Coal Company held up and robbed of \$40,000 on an interurban car and the subsequent hiding of the money. The dream not only has proved true in every detail but has indirectly led to the arrest of four men charged with the crime.

Frank Fantanelli, who with his three brothers-in-law is implicated, has made a confession to the officials of Washington County, stating that the hiding of the money occurred just as Miss Frances had seen in her dream.

Under arrest with Fantanelli are James, Paladina and Savatani Marracini. Fantanelli denies any part in the crime, stating that while visiting his mother-in-law's home near Dunlevy, Pa., in July, 1921, he saw the three brothers bury a heavy sack under a barn in a ravine near the house.

Later Fantanelli visited the spot, dug up the sack and, while examining it, was seen by Mrs. Marracini, his mother-in-law, who told him not to have anything to do with the money, at the same

time giving him \$25. Later Savatani Marracini his brother-in-law, gave him \$2,500 to keep the matter quiet.

Miss Frances dreamed she saw three men board a street car and the smallest of them open fire, wounding one passenger. The same short man grabbed a bag from the wounded passenger and they all jumped from the car and ran to where a red automobile was parked. They boarded the car and rode to an old barn, where the short man dropped the bag into a hole.

LAUGHS

Scout—Shall I mark time with my feet. Scout-master—Did you ever hear of marking time with your hands? Scout—Yes, sir! Clocks do it.

She—If you were worth the million and I was poor, would you marry me? He—If you feel like transferring the fortune to me and taking chances I will give the matter my serious consideration.

Maud (earnestly)—I want to ask you a question, George. George (also earnestly)—What is it, dearest? Maud (still earnestly)—If you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?

Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes; that's the only way to get the goodness out of it. New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You succeeded admirably, ma'am.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor, as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet. "Matter? That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list."

First Summer Girl—You should have slept with me last night, Tess. The man in the next room kept hollering "Cash! Cash!" all night long in his sleep. Second Summer Girl—Wonder which he is—dry goods clerk or foreign nobleman?

"What did Noah live on when the flood subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land."

Aunt Maria—Girls, here comes that young man who was out driving with Jennie Huggins the day she had two ribs broken. Girls—Oh, introduce him, quick! Aunt Maria—Yes, the buggy turned over, and— Girls (sitting down again)—Oh, pshaw!

Sally (the farmer's wife)—There's a letter from a London lady this morning, Timothy, as wants to take hopen-air cure at this 'ere farm in the summer, and asks if we have a bathroom. What 'as I to say? Farmer—Write and tell her the truth at once, Sally. Say she'd better have her bath the day before she comes here.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

PRESERVING U. S. RECORDS

The danger of disintegration of priceless documents of the United States Government was revealed recently, according to the *Scientific American*, when Assistant Secretary Rose of the Senate found the time-ravaged records of the first session of the Federal Congress in an unlighted, musty room beneath the terrace of the Capitol. The condition of the records was said to indicate that unless properly cared for they would fall to pieces in a few years. The Monroe message had been kept in the files of the Senate, and when taken out was so brittle it threatened to fall apart if opened. It was placed in the hands of experts, who will attempt its preservation.

SELLING "ELK" TEETH IS AN INDIAN GAME

A fraud perpetrated by an obscure tribe of Northwest Indians fooled a trio of State Game Wardens from Olympia, Wash., to believe an important capture of elk tooth dealers had been made.

Uncle Sam's plea, "Don't buy elk teeth for watch charms, stickpins or other ornaments," has caused Northwest game wardens bunches of worry. They declare the more pleas are made to forego elk's teeth as emblems, the greater has become a demand for them; likewise the price has vaulted. While more difficulty is encountered by hunters poaching in national preserves the chances of making big money from the illegally gained teeth has urged these Indians to attempt a unique deception.

Obtaining for a north coast tribe large quantities of sea lions' teeth, this one Indian village managed by filing and chiseling them to imitate perfectly the charmed molars of the elk. By boiling for a long period in a concoction of kelp and sea water the delicate brown coloring of genuine bull elk teeth was perfected.

Thousands of these fraudulent teeth have been placed on the market. Squaws sewed them in long strings to aged buckskin garments, then induced fur traders and curio seekers to pay exorbitant prices for the imitations.

DIAMONDS CUT NEW WAY

If a new method of cutting diamonds in vogue in London comes to this country, diamond solitaires will be scarce this spring and the wedding bells will certainly not ring out as usual in April and June.

Fortunately, however, two leading Fifth avenue jewelers, Tiffany & Co. and Ludwig Nissen & Co., state the new fashion has not yet appeared here. It is the cutting of stones without facets in narrow slits for finger rings. A London jeweler had to pay \$300 each for a couple of small stones cut this new way, which, under the ordinary system of cutting, would have cost \$50 a stone.

"We have heard nothing here of this new style," was stated by Ludwig Nissen & Co. "From time to time fashions are introduced in stone cutting, but they usually go the way of all fads. The last one was the Twentieth Century cut, which

had as many facets on top of the stone as beneath it. But it only shone for 3 or 4 feet, losing its brilliance entirely after that distance.

"The Indian cut, with no facets, is an old-fashioned cut and few stones have been cut in that fashion in Europe or this country. The absence of facets gives the stone less brilliance. The fact that the stone is cut in a long, narrow slit would mean a change in the usual shape and a loss in color and brilliance."

Tiffany & Co. declared the absence of facets destroys all play of color.

"I presume something in the nature of the Indian cut is being used," said the Tiffany representative. "It has been used to a slight extent in this country but people do not care for it. It gives no play of color as it shows no facets, the stone being rounded, smooth and flattened. Some diamonds are cut square, which eliminates all facets from the surface. There is little demand for such cutting."

BICYCLE TO GO 250 MILES AN HOUR

Over four years ago the *Scientific American* described the unicycle invented by Prof. E. J. Christie of Marion, Ia. At that time the inventor had a small working model operated by an electric motor. Professor Christie has about completed a full-sized model of his unicycle and the idea is shortly to be put to actual test.

In brief, the unicycle is a single-wheeled vehicle capable of enormous speeds, according to the inventor's claims. It has a central axle, wire spokes, two secondary rims and a large central main rim bound solidly together to form the general wheel. The power plant is suspended below and is connected to the central axle by ball bearings, with the shaft of the motor parallel with the central axle. Two large pulleys, one at each end of the motor shaft, are belted to the inner ends of the hubs of two gyroscopes, thus transferring higher rotary speed from the motor to these two members. In the model the gyroscopes each weigh 7 pounds and are 10 inches in diameter. They are mounted on ball bearings upon the central axle. The traction belt passes around a small pulley on the motor shaft and then around a large pulley fastened firmly upon the central axle. It is not operative until firmly tightened by a lever-actuated idler. The machine runs upon the outer central rim.

The full-sized model which is being completed in Philadelphia measures 14 feet high and, according to Professor Christie, should develop a speed of 250 miles per hour. The model weighs 700 pounds, is stabilized by means of two gyroscopes and is driven by a 250 horsepower engine. The machine runs on the outer rim and, because of the gyroscopic action of the mechanism, will not overturn. The driver sits within the wheel. Steering is accomplished by forcibly turning the gyroscopes in their paths, and the ingenious method employed for turning the gyroscope is said to enable the driver of the unicycle to turn the machine at the sharpest angles with absolute ease and certainty.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

SHIP TO COMBAT SLAVE TRADERS

Revelations that the slave traffic still flourishes in certain regions of Africa, over which the flags of Britain and France give nominal protection, have come as a shock to Paris.

The adventurous days of slaver-chasing which provided material for the sea stories that thrilled the boyhood of the mid and latter Victorian era, may be revived as a result of the campaign being waged by the League for the Rights of Men. Premier Poincare announces that a couple of French warships have been sent on a cruise of the shores of Somaliland which is said to be one of the chief centers of the traffic, while the French Minister at Addis Abbeba has urged the Prince Regent of Ethiopia to enforce very strictly the laws against slavery.

A number of slave dealers have already been caught redhanded and hanged.

Slave markets, it is alleged, are held openly at Djeddah and Mecca, to furnish which the coasts of Somaliland and the Sultanate of Tadjourah are scoured by Asiatic and Levantine merchants who even push on as far as Darfour, near the Abyssinian frontier, and to the boundaries of Anglo-Egyptian Soudan in search of the ebony beauties for which the latter region is reputed.

BOY SCOUT ACCIDENTALLY HANGED

Mrs. William C. Whiston, 1331 Mansfield place, Brooklyn, N. Y., reached home at 6 o'clock the other evening from a shopping trip and found her thirteen-year-old son, Edward A., lying on the carpet of the hallway at the foot of the stairs. A lariat he had used in his Boy Scout work was around his neck, with the other end made fast to a door knob at the top of the stairs.

Mrs. Whiston called Patrolman Brown, who sent for Dr. Stevens of Kings County Hospital. The surgeon said the boy had been dead two or three hours. Detectives Kinney and Johnson of the Vandever Park station in an investigation concluded that the boy's death was accidental.

He wore his Boy Scout uniform and they concluded he had stood at the head of the stairs and tried to lasso the newel post or some other object in the lower hallway, tying the rope to the door knob so he would not lose it. Mrs. Whiston said that he had only recently got the lariat and frequently spent an hour at a time trying to cast it down the stairs and hook the post or a chair.

When the mother left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon her son was putting on his Boy Scout uniform. It is believed that almost immediately he went to the stairs to practice with his lariat, with which he must be proficient to be a good scout, and that in some way, when he went to throw it, he stumbled and his throat was encircled by the noose. The surgeon said that he had been strangled, but that his neck was not broken.

METROPOLIS DUG UP IN YUKATAN WILDS

The careful examination of the Maya ruins of Chichenitza, just completed by the American

scientist, Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, has brought to light evidences of civilization dating back to the middle of the Fifth Century, A. D., which Dr. Morley says was the most advanced of any in the Western hemisphere prior to the discovery of America by Columbus.

Dr. Morley said that the ruins of Chichenitza were very extensive, the religious and civic centers covering an area two miles long and one mile wide. Extending from this center in all directions for three to five miles are the remains of stone buildings. These include pyramids, platforms, terraces, plazas and paved roads, all now buried in a thick tropical foliage. They do not include the dwellings of the early people, which were more lightly constructed, and are now so obliterated that no trace of them has been found.

In summing up this ancient American civilization Doctor Morley said: "The ruins of Chichenitza are those of the largest city in the new Maya Empire, which was probably founded about the middle of the Fifth Century after Christ, by colonists from the old empire cities of Northern Guatemala. During this first period it was occupied for about two centuries, and abandoned for unknown reasons. In the middle of the Seventh Century the inhabitants moved toward the coast, where they stayed three centuries, returning to Chichenitza and re-establishing themselves there about 965 A. D.

"It was then one of a league of three cities, the others being Uxmal and Mayapan, which ruled Yucatan from the beginning of the Eleventh to the Thirteenth Century. It was a period of prosperity, with a renaissance of art, architecture and sculpture. New types of buildings were there erected, the temples showing columns cut with feathered serpents, dedicated to their patron deity, called Kukulcan, or Feathered Serpent. The great ball court, as large as a modern football field, was built and inclosed by massive walls 30 feet high and 25 feet thick. In this enclosure games were played not unlike modern basketball, the object being to drive a ball through rings fastened in the sidewalls.

"A new religious cult developed under which most of the beautiful young ladies were hurled to death in a great natural well 180 feet in diameter and 70 feet deep, as sacrifices to the offended rain deities during droughts. The fame of this sacred well spread far and wide, so that pilgrims came from a great distance to make precious offerings of carved jade, copper, bells, pottery and incense, which were deposited in this well as sacrifices to the rain gods.

"Because of the extraordinarily spectacular character of her religious rites and ceremonies, Chichenitza became the Mecca of the whole Mayan world.

"It is difficult to make an estimate of the population of Chichenitza during the period of her greatest glory, but personally I think the whole Itza nation could not have numbered less than a quarter of a million, and possibly half a million."

TO PRINT NEWSPAPER ON CEDAR SHINGLES

The second edition of the famous shingle newspaper published in Castle Rock, Wash., a few years ago is scheduled to appear soon. A special edition of 50,000 copies of the *Cowlitz County Advocate* printed on red-cedar shingles was issued as a protest against the prevailing and advancing prices of print paper. Now the shingle newspaper will be sent broadcast to call attention to the legislation against the use of this material for roofing. Thirty States have passed laws affecting the continued use of shingles as roofing and other laws are proposed to limit their use in other ways, chiefly because of their destructibility by fire.

Castle Rock is the centre of the extensive shingle industry of the Northwest and the adverse laws will ultimately cause industrial depression widespread over a large area. The old table press is being overhauled to withstand another run of cedar shingles through its rollers.



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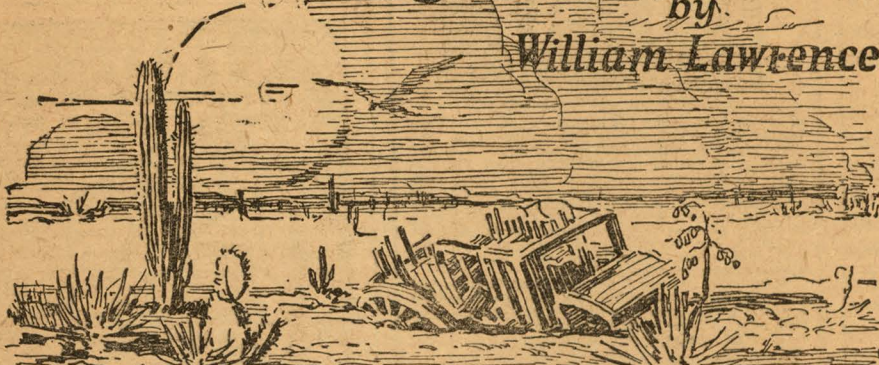
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by
William Lawrence



THIS is the story of Bill Andrews—plain Bill Andrews. He was twenty-seven years old—married—the father of as fine a baby boy as you have ever seen.

But Bill was just like thousands of other men. He had been forced to leave school and go to work when he was still young.

He had taken the first thing that came along and he had worked as hard as he knew how. But somehow or other, he didn't seem to be getting anywhere.

It was hard—terribly hard, sometimes—to make both ends meet. Sickness came—doctor's bills—the rent was raised—and all that sort of thing.

Above everything else in the world, Bill wanted to go home some night and tell his wife of a raise in salary—of a promotion that would mean a happier, better home.

I wonder if there is a man anywhere who hasn't had that same ambition, that same hope!

But that increase in salary and that promotion never came. Indeed, once or twice Bill came mighty near losing his job.

And then, one night, Bill came across an advertisement that told how men just like himself had gotten out of the rut and had gone ahead—how men with no more education than himself had studied at home in their spare time—how the International Correspondence Schools would come to him and help him to develop his natural ability.

Bill had seen that advertisement and that familiar coupon many, many times before. For two years he had been promising himself that he would cut it out and send it to Scranton. He knew that he ought to do it—that he should at least find out what the I. C. S. could do for him. But he never had.

And he might not have sent in the coupon this time, either, but for the few words under a picture called "The Warning of the Desert":

"On the Plains of Hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions who, at the Dawn of Victory, sat down to wait—and waiting, died."

Bill read that over two or three times. "The Plains of Hesitation!" "The Dawn of Victory!" These two phrases kept ringing in his ears. They worked their way into his very soul. So he clipped that coupon, marked it and mailed it to Scranton.

Bill told me the other day that he was surprised how interested he became in his lessons—of the personal interest the teachers at the I. C. S. took in him—how his employers learned about his studying and saw evidence of it in his work.

"The most important moment in my life," says Bill, "was that moment four years ago when I sent in that I. C. S. coupon. And the happiest moment of my life was when I went home with the news of my first real increase in salary and my first real promotion. If I hadn't sent in that coupon I'd still be working at a humdrum job and a small salary."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton to-day. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step toward success. *Do it now!*

TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 4500, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.F.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

6-26-22

HOTELS USE PEWTER SPOONS

A custom recently put into practice by one of New York's largest hotels is a singular reflection upon the honesty of the so-called human race. Diners are served throughout the chief courses with the finest of silverware, but with their demi-tasse they are given a cheap pewter spoon that bears not even the name of the hostelry.

This indignity is not inflicted upon the casual diner, or upon the guest who makes his residence there, but let there be any public function or banquet held at that hotel and the guests who have been sitting through the dinner in anticipation of the little silver souvenir demi-tasse spoon to take home to the wife and kiddies as evidence that they really did attend a business banquet are doomed to disappointment.

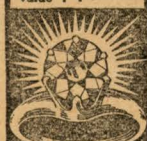
It has been found by experienced hotel men, that whereas all the rest of the tableware is safe in almost any kind of a gathering, a demi-tasse spoon is never safe from souvenir hunters. The man who would shudder at the thought that he might sometime, entirely by accident, avoid paying his subway fare, often regards the hotel's demi-tasse spoons as his own.

\$3¹⁵ no more to pay!

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No. 2—Handsome, massive, 2Kt. extra quality plat. finish men's ring—wonderful value . . . \$5.90



No. 3—Ladies Tiffany 12K Gold P. 1Kt. stone, special price . . . \$2.95

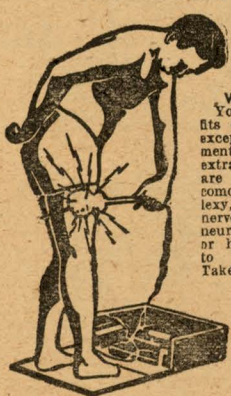
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GEORGE W. SMITH,
Room M-629, 125 N. Jeff Ave., Peoria, Ill.

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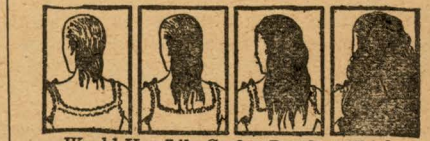
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